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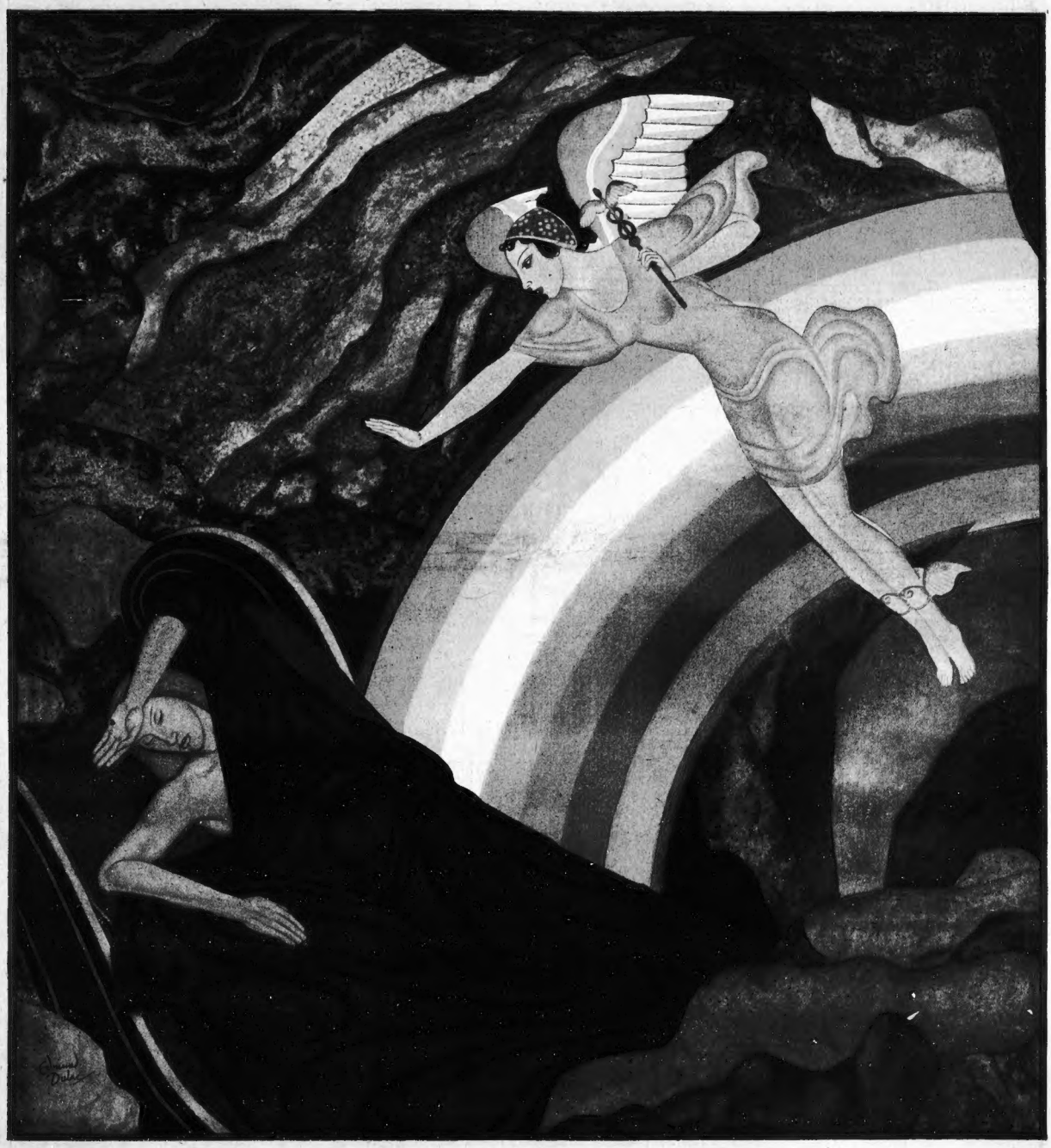


Myths the Ancients Believed

By the Distinguished English Artist Edmund Dulac

IRIS AND THE GOD OF SLEEP—

HALCYONE and Ceyx, a King of Thessaly, were still in love, though ten years married. Ceyx went voyaging. His ship was wrecked and everybody drowned. Anxious Halcyone was a widow, but didn't know it. The Goddess Juno was fond of her, yet too tender-hearted to break the sad news. So she sent Iris, sprite of the rainbow, to Somnus, the God of Sleep, to ask him to send a dream to Halcyone to tell her. Iris borrowed Mercury's winged anklets and rod, took her rainbow and flew to the cave where Somnus slept. The entrance of the dazzling young lady had all the effect of a bomb explosion in a sanitarium for nervous wrecks. Somnus woke up completely for the first time in ages. He sent the dream. Halcyone tried to drown herself. Juno turned her and Ceyx into birds. If Juno could do that, one wonders why she didn't throw poor Ceyx a celestial life-preserver when he so badly needed one. The old gods and goddesses don't seem to have had much common sense.

"Loud-Speakers" on Busses and Trolley Cars Announce the Streets

BELL TELEPHONE LABORATORIES PHOTO.

The Bus Driver, with the Microphone Close to His Lips, Calls Out the Streets and Avenues as They Are Approached and a Resounding Voice Thus Notifies Passengers in Time for Them to Get Off at Their Destinations.
(Courtesy Bell Laboratories Record.)

"ORATON PARKWAY next," says the voice, and the passenger on the forward end of the top deck of the bus prepares to alight. Thanks to the bus announcing system, he no longer needs to be on a constant lookout for his street, nor does he have to sit near the driver if he is not familiar with the route of the bus.

Thus the latest achievement of science applied to modern man's comfort and convenience is revealed by the Bell Laboratories Record, the interesting magazine which tells of the newest results of the research workers in the experimental workshops maintained by the big telephone company.

Present day methods of operating busses, which make one man both driver and conductor, brought forth the need for some system whereby announcements made by the driver could be clearly understood by all passengers, the Record continues. This need is most keenly felt on double-decked busses, where it is virtually impossible for a passenger on the top deck of the bus to hear the street names as they are called off by the driver.

A system that would fulfil this need must be as simple as possible and still furnish adequate volume level and intelligibility of speech. It must, in addition, be of very rugged construction, since it will have to withstand excessive vibration on the bus. With these facts in mind, engineers of the telephone laboratories started development work on a bus announcing system, and a number of preliminary outfits were set up for tests. Finally one was perfected which possessed qualities which would permit the design of a simple and inexpensive system.

Several new pieces of apparatus, of course, had to be developed, the Record explains. A collapsible bracket for mounting the transmitter, shown in the photograph at the left of this page, was designed for mounting on the roof above the driver. It holds the transmitter in talking position without interfering with the driver's movements or vision. When the system is not in use, the transmitter may be pushed up out of the way. The induction coil and the necessary connecting blocks are covered by a metal housing which may be located under the dashboard of the bus or in any out of the way location.

A new foot switch was provided for operating the system, since the standard switches available were not adapted for use on a bus. This switch is of adequate size and is sufficiently rugged in construction to be suitable for use on busses. It may be placed in a convenient location on the floor so that the driver will have no difficulty in operating it.

To secure the most effective distribution of sound, the horn is normally located at the rear of the bus. On double-deck busses the horn is, of course, placed on the upper level. In this position it is possible for passengers on the upper deck, as well as those at the rear of the lower deck, to hear announcements through the system. The passengers near the driver will, of course, hear the announcements directly.

A second system was developed for use on busses with two men in attendance. This type of system is particularly adapted for use on sight-seeing busses, since it relieves the announcer from the necessity of shouting in order to be heard.

These systems, while primarily designed for busses or street cars, are not limited to this use. They can be used for making announcements from one room or one floor to another. It is entirely possible to employ them for addressing small groups, such as a crowd gathered outside a store window in which some article is being demonstrated, or a crowd around a counter in a store.

BELL TELEPHONE LABORATORIES PHOTO

A Loudspeaker Is Shown at the Back of the Upper Story of a Bus, and Out of This Funnel-Shaped Mechanism Comes the Voice of the Bus Driver as He Announces Each Approaching Street or Avenue.
(Courtesy Bell Laboratories Record.)

New Portable Sun Cabinet

FOR PEOPLE who like to take their sun baths in privacy as well as with comfort, there are now individual and portable cabinets like the one a fair sun bather is occupying in the photograph.

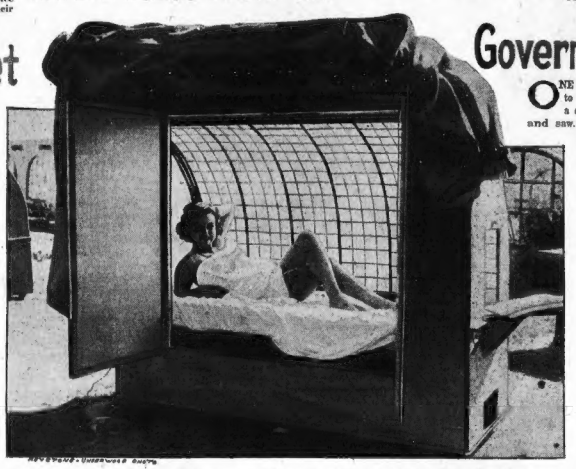
Several of the devices are in use at Palm Springs, California, and are proving popular with men and women who want to expose themselves to the health-giving rays of the sun, but not to the eyes of fellow "patients."

Aside from the privacy the sun cabinet affords, it has many useful and sensible features. In the first place, it is equipped with a comfortable couch which is long enough and wide enough to stretch out on. The softness of the mattress is much more conducive to sleep than the canvas "slings" of the common type of sun-bathing chairs and almost everyone who takes his dose of sunshine in the new contraption promptly dozes off and adds the benefits of sleep to those of basking in the ultra-violet rays.

The arching "window" which forms the front of the cabinet is made of a material which permits these beneficial rays to come in, but which excludes some of the rays that cause painful and dangerous sunburn. It is possible for a person who is just starting out on a series of sun baths to expose himself to the sunlight for much longer periods than he could if he exposed himself directly to solar light and heat.

The portability of the cabinet is one of its best features, because the device can be turned on its wheels so that the window always is facing directly toward the sun.

Almost the whole back of the cabinet is a door which makes it easy for the bather to get in and out of the contraption. And at one end of the cabinet there is a small-ar opening through which anything that the occupant may want — such as a lunch or a book — can be passed to him or her, by an attendant.



NEA SERVICE-UNDERWOOD PHOTO.

The New Sun Cabinet in Use at the Southern and Western Beaches. It Is Portable and Affords Privacy to Sun Bathers. It Is Very Light and Can Be Folded and Carried Without Great Effort.

Governor Who Must Have a Cow

ONE day, not long ago, a truckload of lumber rolled through the gates to the grounds of the Governor's Mansion in Atlanta, Georgia, and a crew of carpenters went noisily to work with hammer and plane and saw.

Neighbors of Governor Eugene Talmadge, the State's newly elected Chief Executive, heard the din of construction work in exclusive Ansley Park and wondered what His Excellency could be putting up in the way of additions to the ample and imposing stone dwelling.

They didn't have to wonder long, for the Governor himself took his neighbors and all his constituents into his confidence. The carpenters, he explained happily, were putting up a barn, a hen house and a dog house.

Governor Talmadge is a man of the soil. All his life he has had his cows, his chickens and his hound dogs, and when he had to quit his acres to live in the big house that Georgia provides for the head of the State government, he missed these elements of his existence. So did the First Lady of the State. She is glad, of course, that her husband was elected, but Atlanta and the Governor's Mansion are not home.

Perhaps Farmer Talmadge arrived at the decision to augment his temporary home with buildings that somehow don't belong in the setting of broad lawns and artistically arranged groups of trees and shrubs when his wife got homesick and went back to the Talmadge farm "for a visit," as she put it.

It was while his wife was away on this "visit" that the Governor ordered the lumber and engaged the carpenters.

"Mrs. Talmadge," the Governor explained, "will feel more at home when she can go out and see the stock. And so will I. When the buildings are up I'm going to have a cow and some chickens and a few good dogs brought up here from my place in Telfair County."

The new occupant of the stone mansion in Ansley Park is, beause he's a tactful fellow, seeing to it that the farm buildings on the estate are no bigger than they need to be, are of simple and pleasing design and so situated that they do not detract from the dignity of the dwelling where he must live so long as he is Governor of the State.

Junk-Pile Sculpture Brings Forth "The Picador"

WHEN Jose de Creeft, a young Spanish artist and sculptor who has something of a reputation for his classical skill with the brush and scalpel, began spending his spare time "sculpturing" with lengths and elbows of cast-off stove pipe and other odds and ends from the junk pile, some of his acquaintances suspected that he was being ironically amusing about some of his modernist contemporaries. And they were sure of it when he completed the comic creation, if it can be dignified by that name, labeled it "The Picador" and exhibited it along with some of his pictures and statues, abroad and in New York.

The Spaniard, who is a notoriously gay and good-natured fellow, despite his serious regard for his art, denied that he was poking fun at the disciples of the modernist school by making a statue out of second-hand stove parts, miscellaneous sticks of wood and bits of rope. It pleased him, he said, to demonstrate that a recognizable and, in a way, artistic statue, could be fashioned of such material. To him—and to everyone else who saw the unusual representation of a bull fighter—the statue was unmistakably just what its name said it was—"The Picador."

"Art," said de Creeft, "is art, no matter what the medium of expression. Just because it is the tradition for painters to put their colors on canvas, and for sculptors to do their molding in clay and stone, there is no good reason in the world why paintings can't be done in some other way, or statues made of something else—even stove-pipes."

The sculptor's friends, despite his explanations, still harbored the private notion that he was kidding the modernists and that he really doesn't believe that it is sensible or proper to go to the junk yard for his raw materials.

They do know, however, that he got a lot of fun out of assembling "The Picador" and that it pleases him when other people find the statue amusing. And they also know that he sincerely believes that most people, especially those who paint or carve, take art altogether too seriously and cling too tenaciously to this or that school of expression.

Jose De Creeft, Spanish Sculptur, Conceived This Creation, "The Picador," Fashioned from Junk, Stove Pipes, Coal Shovels and Broom Handles.

Sir Charles' Daughter Sets New Style for Brides

LONDON.

FROM the moment that Sir Charles Marling formally announced the engagement of his pretty and spirited daughter, Yvonne, to Gustaf "Tuffy" Rodd, the son of Sir Rennell Rodd, the feminine members of London's fashionable set began to speculate about the bride-to-be's wedding dress.

They knew that the daughter of Sir Charles had an interesting aversion to wearing orthodox styles and that, by her original ideas in dress, she had set more than one daring style for the debutantes and dowagers of Mayfair. They thought it unlikely that she would go to the altar arrayed in the traditional nuptial get-up. And they were right, for Yvonne paced down the long center aisle of St. James's Church on the arm of her distinguished father (faultlessly attired in the sober manner of English gentlemen) strikingly garbed in one of the most extraordinary and fetching wedding outfits ever seen in the British capital.

Instead of the usually simple wedding gown, the young woman—she has yet to celebrate her twentieth birthday—wore a dress of angel-skin lace, the like of which has not been seen at a British wedding in a generation. The pattern of the lace was more than ordinarily bold and was, as one fashion expert remarked on the day of the ceremony, "the sort of thing that looks like a million dollars on Miss Marling, but which would look bizarre and ridiculous on almost anybody else."

But it was not the dress that made the assembled wedding guests gaze at the bride in surprised admiration. It was the headdress she designed to wear with the creation of lace. This part of her outfit, becoming as it was, seemed to be a cross between a nun's wimple, which is the cloth that fastens beneath the chin and fits closely to the sides of the face, and the veil-like headdress of a harem beauty.

The harem influence was accentuated by looped pearls and gold tassels that ornamented the fore part of the unusual bridal veil. This feature of the bride's outfit was even more remarkable than it seemed to the onlookers, for the top of the creation was of cloth encrusted with colorful and strange stones which in the early 1500's graced the head of the alluring Diane de Poitiers, mistress of Henry II of France.

Somehow, this highly original wedding outfit seemed excellently suited to the personality of the wearer and, here and there in the crowd that milled back and forth on the sidewalk in front of St. James's Church, there were people dashing off rapid sketches of the costume, which may be the forerunner of a new mode in bridal apparel.

In their own way, the bridesmaids contributed quite as much to the sartorial spectacle as the bride herself for, instead of being dressed in the usual white or pastel-shade gowns, they wore very full and feminine black costumes, which served to make the bride stand out all the more prominently during her progress from the rear of the church to the alter.

The Bride All in White—and the Bridesmaids in Sombre Black. That Is the Way Miss Yvonne Marling, Daughter of Sir Charles Marling, Arranged Contrasts for Her Colorful Wedding in London Recently.

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Her Stage Plots No Stranger Than Her Own Love-Tangle

Playwright Fannie Todd Mitchell's Marital Jig-Saw Puzzle With Two Husbands Each Suing the Other for Alienating Her Affections as She Leaves the New to Return to the Old

Florence Rogge, Dancer, Who Was Supposed to Marry Husband Leonidoff—but Didn't.

Fannie Todd Mitchell, Broadway Playwright, Whom Two Men Each Claims as His Wife.

Leon Leonidoff, the Ballet-Master Husband of Miss Mitchell.

"Peaches" Browning, Also Mentioned by Fannie Mitchell as Being Too Friendly With the Ballet Master. "Peaches" Indignantly Denies This.

Miss Mitchell Not at All Disturbed by Her Jig-Saw Matrimonial Problem.

FANNIE TODD MITCHELL writes short stories and plays—she had three plays running on Broadway at the same time—and her brain is full of plots. But she never thought out a plot like the plot of her own love-life.

She never had a heroine married simultaneously to her first husband and her second husband — and her first husband suing her second husband for alienation of his wife's affections—and her second husband suing her first husband for the very same thing.

But that is just what has happened to Fannie. It's one of those tight situations a heroine sometimes gets into, and the reader or the audience doesn't know how in the world she is going to get out of it. And neither does Fannie. So a lot of lawyers will have to use a lot of love arithmetic and legal calculus, and try to figure it out in the New York Supreme Court, where the I-sue-you-sue lawsuits have landed Fannie and her foibles. Her husbands are asking each other, altogether, for $1,250,000 in damages.

It's really her second and third husbands who are doing the suing, and a son by her very first husband, now deceased, complicates the scene a little more because he has two step-papas whom he likes equally well. But it is best to go at Fannie's family affairs like a jigsaw puzzle, and get all the straight side-pieces in order first, and then calmly try to match up the blues and the reds and yellows without getting excited. For the affairs of Fannie are plenty scrambled.

It has been five or six years or more since she came out of the West, like a literary Lochinvar, giving up a social career in St. Louis in favor of an artistic career in New York. She won almost instant success when J. J. Shubert put her to work adapting plays, and she wrote the books of three highly successful musical comedies. Also she met a very artistic man—Leon Leonidoff, famous master of the Roxy Ballet. She was a blonde and statuesque young widow, and Leon was—and is—a fascinating person of fiery temperament and deep emotional possibilities.

And so they fell in love and were married, like any of Fannie's attractive heroes and heroines, and they lived happily ever after for a month or so.

They had been married secretly, and Leon thought it best for them to live in separate apartments for a while, because, as Leon explained on their wedding night or thereabouts, there was an old flame in his heart that needed quenching, and it was one of those flames that couldn't be just doused in a hurry. The name of the flame, says Fannie, was Florence Rogge, another beauty, who had worked with Leonidoff for a long time as ballet mistress. The old engagement, Leon explained, must be broken off gently.

When Fannie protested against this gentle, separate-apartment method, and accused him of still being fond of Florence, Leon exclaimed:

"Ah, that love? It is of the past. It is only the snows of yesteryear."

But the snows of yesteryear failed to melt, and new snow fell, Fannie charged, and when she upbraided him for still going out to play in the snow he choked her and scratched her and inflicted a "tattoo of hate" upon Fannie's arms and legs, so she alleged at the time.

These revelations of her married life were made by Fannie in a suit for separation she filed in January, 1931, just three months after her wedding. But it took great patience and several trips to Reno before Fannie could get a divorce from the temperamental ballet master. Leon, it seems, would agree to accept service in a Nevada divorce and then he would change his mind and refuse to have anything to do with it—and a Reno divorce is no good in other States unless both husband and wife are a party to it. Leonidoff withdrew the power of attorney he had given her the first time she went to Reno, in July, 1931, and she returned and they were reconciled.

But the snows of yesteryear, or something, kept dampening Fannie's ardor, and it wasn't long before she was back in Reno, establishing residence there again. Finally, last Fall she secured a divorce from him on the grounds of cruelty, getting the decree by default, for Leonidoff did not appear in the proceedings.

But somebody else did appear, most unexpectedly, in the jigsaw reassemblage—who, of all persons, but "Petches" Browning!

It wasn't the snows of yesteryear this time, but the "Peaches" of today that seemed to be troubling Fannie.

Just at a time when everybody thought the celebrated wife of "Daddy" Browning had retired into the seclusion of the vaudeville stage and would not be heard from any more except in paid advertisements, up jumps this swell piece of publicity from Reno. Fannie had added to her complaints against Leon Leonidoff the following:

"While we were living in Chicago, in June, 1932, he boasted that he had escorted her to night clubs and other places, and described her apartment, which he said was fitted with steel doors to exclude intruders and insure privacy."

Nobody was more surprised to hear this than "Peaches" herself when reporters called at her New York apartment and told her the news. Much water has tumbled under the bridge since "Peaches" became the Cinderella bride of the millionaire New York real estate man, "Daddy" Browning, and since then she has acquired a broad "A" and a narrower figure.

"Just fawney that," was her comment. "Really, I cawn't understand why everybody picks on me and blames me for things I know absolutely nothing about. I never even heard of this man Leonid-d—. Why, I cawn't even pronounce his name."

And if Leonidoff had boasted that he had visited her apartment, said "Peaches," it was a boast that needed unemployment relief—it was very, very idle.

"Why, I thought all doors were made of wood," added "Peaches" languidly.

Her mother, Mrs. Caroiyn Heenan, who shared the apartment with her, said she thought it was "perfectly disgraceful" the way they dragged poor "Peaches" into everything.

At any rate, the plot of Fannie Todd Mitchell's personal drama called for "Peaches'" entrance just this once, and then "Peaches" stepped off the stage and stayed off for a time.

Then entered immediately another husband, left, with happy smile.

The very next day after she got her divorce in Reno Fannie stepped over to Carson City, Nevada, and met and married Seymour Woolner, of Yale and the Blue Book peerage, also of the Hotel Meurice, Manhattan, and described as a "millionaire dilettante." Dilettante means amateur, but what Mr. Woolner is an amateur at does not clearly appear, unless it is at holding Fannie's affections.

It was not just an overnight acquaintance, for Fannie knew him pretty well. While waiting for a divorce in Reno she had written him (so Mr. Woolner's lawyer now says) seventy-five letters complaining about what a fellow Leon Leonidoff was.

And so they were married and lived happily ever after for a month or two.

Just as Fannie had married Leon Leonidoff in October and walked out on him in January—just so did she marry Seymour Woolner in October and walk out on him in January. She was perfectly fair about it, as between husbands.

And where did she walk? Where else—but streight back into the arms of Leon Leonidoff!

Curtain—End of Act II.

Act III belongs almost exclusively to the lawyers, for they have been the most spirited actors in the drama since Fannie took her son, Peter, aged thirteen, and went back to live with Leon Leonidoff at his arty apartment in Central Park West.

Fannie, however, has one good speech in Act III, her speech to the reporters who came to ask her how-come, and whose wife was she really, after all.

"My Reno divorce is worthless," declared Mrs. Leonidoff-Woolner. "I am a married woman—Mrs. Leon Leonidoff."

Her marriage to Seymour Woolner doesn't count at all, the way Fannie and Leon have it all figured out, because, really, when she was getting her divorce from Leon in Reno he had changed his mind again and had withdrawn his power of attorney, and had not been served properly.

Meanwhile Fannie had asked Seymour Woolner for $6,000, please, so she could get a divorce from him, and he thought $1,200 was enough in these hard times, and deposited that amount to her credit. But instead of spending it on a divorce, say Woolner's lawyers, she spent it in other ways. Say Fannie's lawyers, she didn't.

But one word led to another, and the words turned into legal phraseology. Woolner filed suit for divorce, naming Leon Leonidoff as co-respondent. And then he filed suit against the Roxy directeur de danse for $250,000 for alienating his wife's affections.

"Whose wife's affections?" retorted Leon angrily. "Why, the nerve of it! He alienated MY wife's affections!"

So Woolner brought suit for—a quarter of a million? Why, the pike! Leon would show Seymour what his wife's affections were really worth. He brought suit against Woolner demanding $500,000 for alienation of same. Fannie filed suit for annulment of her marriage to Woolner on the grounds that it was invalid, because she had never ceased to be Mrs. Leon Leonidoff. But this suit didn't turn out so well. The judge dismissed the suit, saying: "It is to be hoped that the plaintiff (Fannie) will adhere to her latest choice of a mate. The courts have a higher function than that of giving an appearance of respectability to such promiscuity."

"While you are suing—sue hard," seemed to be the motto of Seymour Woolner's attorneys, for they slapped another suit on top of the pyramid—demanding $500,000 more from Leon Leonidoff for damages as a result of "criminal conversation," which means he and Fannie forgot they were ever divorced and are living together again. And now Peaches is threatening to sue Leon and Fannie for $250,000, claiming defamation of character.

But Fannie is happy now—or so she was when she talked to the reporters.

It was the old story of mated—mismated — remated — stalemated — unmated—remated.

But not such an old story, either, the way Fannie's unique affairs worked out.

"I love Leon Leonidoff—I always will," said Fannie. "It's like Eve returning to the Garden of Eden. And this man 'Sy' Woolner that calls me his wife —he was like the apple —he swept me off my feet with temptation when I had had a fight with dear Leon.

"I have fought with Leon, yes. I'll fight with him again. But if I do and again leave him I'll never be attracted by this man Woolner again. Leon has always been a good man. It's like a 'saint's day' to be back again with my husband Leon—to rest again in his arms.

"Mr. Woolner pursued me all over Chicago. He showered me with attention. He swept me off my feet. What could I do? I 'fell' for him.

"But back here in New York at the Hotel Meurice he was a changed man. He would sit all evening and gulp, 'Aahhh!' Then he would clasp his hands and groan, 'Ooohh!'

"These nights of 'Aahhhs' and 'Ooohhs' and handclasping nearly drove me mad. Then he became morose and melancholy. I simply had to leave him.

"Isn't it lovely here? Where love dwells—my one great love—my husband—here is peace."

But all is not peace all over the apartment house, for a couple of floors below resides Charles Franklin, Mr. Woolner's lawyer, and a couple of floors above dwells Nathan Burkan, Leon Leonidoff's man of the law. And what they won't do to make the feathers and the snows of yesteryear fly when their five suits get into court—well, that simply remains to be seen.

And how Leonidoff is going to get that $750,000 to pay for his wife's elusive affections, or how Seymour Woolner is going to get that $500,000, in case he loses, also remains to be totaled up. For such sums are considerable change nowadays, even for a distinguished maestro of the ballet and a millionaire dilettante.

Perhaps Fannie Todd Mitchell Leonidoff Woolner Leonidoff has it all figured out, like the happy ending of one of her plays or stories. Perhaps they can just use stage money, and pay each other all they owe, and everybody will be satisfied.

Then they can all live happily forever after.

For a month or two, anyhow.

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Germany's Honeymoon Reporter—And His Extraordinary Job

Two of the Honeymoon Reporter's First Subjects—Sunning Themselves on the Sands. They're Very Interested in Each Other.

"Click! Click!" the Photographer's Apparatus Makes a Noise. The Honeymooners Turn in Alarm. "How dare you?" Their Dark Frowns Seem to Demand.

PHOTOS BY KEYSTONE - ACME

"Oh! So it's the honeymoon reporter. Well, in that case, it's all right." And the Reporter's Assignment Is Completed.

THE GERMAN REPUBLIC—if it still is a Republic—may be a maelstrom of political and economic unrest. But its citizens still fall in love, and its newspaper editors, as always, cast about for pictures which will divert and amuse their readers.

One of these editors recently transformed one of his best cameramen into what he calls the Honeymoon Reporter and gave him the fascinating job of browsing about Berlin and its environs to snap pictures demonstrating that the young bloods of a depression-ridden land still "obey that impulse," as the saying goes.

The three photographs above are among the most interesting and graphic of the Honeymoon Reporter's collection of "sentimental shots." He came upon the couple while they were basking in the vitalizing glare of the sun lamps in a Berlin bathing establishment. At first they were so absorbed in each other that they were oblivious to the presence of man and camera. But when the shutter clicked, they were startled out of their clinch and, naturally, annoyed by the intrusion on their extremely private and personal tete-a-tete.

Almost everyone in the German capital knows about the Honeymoon Reporter, however, and when the young lovers were told that they were his latest "victims," their anger turned to smiling good nature and they provided him, not with a single picture, but with three pictures which comprise a sort of movie strip which might be labeled: "The Old, Old Story," or "In the Ultra-violet Rays, a Young Man's Fancy—"

During the course of his wanderings the Honeymoon Reporter has snapped hundreds of intimate pictures, the publication of which has, in its way, helped to make a harassed populace forget its unromantic troubles.

Europe's Newest "Queen of Beauty"

VIENNA.

WHEN the newspapers in the City of Beautiful Women announced that Mlle. Hilda Marie Wolf, of Copenhagen, had arrived in the community, the news did not mean much to the average citizen. It was not that the Viennese do not welcome visitors from the North; they like to have folks drop in from anywhere and everywhere. It was only that few of the citizens who saw the little social item in the papers never had heard of Hilda Wolf before.

A few days later, however, everyone in the city knew about Hilda and was indulging in excited conversation about her—because she had captured the first prize in an international beauty contest for which more than a hundred young women had come from every country in Europe.

Willingly the committee of judges, every member of which was an Austrian, bestowed the European beauty crown on the shining blonde head of the Scandinavian—even though they had to brave the disappointment and the criticism of a dozen native beauties with many cups and medals garnered in beauty competitions.

With the thousand or more people who attended the finals of the contest and the coronation of the new Queen of Beauty, the decision of the judges was popular, for Mlle. Wolf—as her picture attests—is an extraordinarily good-looking young woman. And in Vienna feminine beauty is something as important as economic security or sound currency. In this metropolis, beauty stands on its own merits and it is acclaimed with little or no bias for "local talent." The prize goes to the contestant with the prettiest face, whether she be Austrian, French, German, English or Scandinavian.

In her native Denmark—where Mlle. Wolf is nationally known as the Darling of the Danes—her victory in Vienna was no surprise, for she recently paraded across a stage in Copenhagen, with more than 200 unusually comely Nordics from every section of the country, and took first prize "hands down."

So outstanding were her good looks, even in the midst of so much beauty, that the spectators of the contest broke out in spontaneous applause every time she walked gracefully before the judges. In Vienna the same thing happened, which would seem to give the Darling of the Danes a clear title to the current European beauty crown.

ACME - PHOTO

Mlle. Hilda Marie Wolf, of Copenhagen, Who Has Been Proclaimed the Most Beautiful Visitor This Season in Vienna.

Drank Enough Wine to Float a Ship

ALMOST every person who lives beyond the century mark gives one or more reasons for his, or her, longevity. More than a few centenarians have told the world that the secret of long and vigorous life is to be found in the adage: Early to bed and early to rise. Others think they lasted far beyond the Biblical "three score and ten" because they shunned tobacco, or subsisted on vegetables, or drank a gallon of water every day. But France boasts a man—one Marc Picq—who thinks he lived to the ripe age of 104 because he has drunk enough wine to float a good-sized steamship.

Monsieur Picq's statement concerning his longevity probably will shock the world's ardent "drys" and bring their wrath on his snow-white head. But there is no question about his believing that the fermented juice of the grape, in ample quantities, has preserved him far beyond the life span of the average person.

M. Picq, from his boyhood until he celebrated his 96th birthday, was a village blacksmith. All these years he swung a heavy sledgehammer and he boasts that he could still work at his trade, if it was essential for him to work for a living.

"It is my estimate," says the retired smithy, "that I have, in my pleasant and busy life, consumed something like 60,000 quarts of wine. I still take wine with my meals, and I shall until it comes time for me to say, 'au revoir.' By all the laws of nature, that should be soon, but I feel in excellent health and spirits and see no reason why I should not stay among my family and my friends for many years to come."

Monsieur Picq has, in the course of his long life, evolved what might be called a philosophy of drinking. For more years than he can remember clearly he has taken a quart of wine with his lunch and at least another quart with his dinner. Besides this he has done considerable drinking between meals.

His drinking is not the expensive habit it might be, because the most celebrated wine makers of France have, for many years, sent him many a case of their choicest vintages.

"Drinking," he believes, "should be a gentlemanly art. It is so good for one and so conducive to friendship. I have found a few rules necessary to genteel drinking. I give them to the world—Never buy the first drink and never let anyone else pay for the second."

Curious Works of Art From the Boudoirs of Beauties Who Lived 3500 Years Ago

KEYSTONE - UNDERWOOD PHOTO

A Wooden Toilet Spoon, Used for Applying Facial Paste. The Handle Is Made Up of Lotus Flowers and Duck Heads. It Is Associated With the 18th Dynasty.

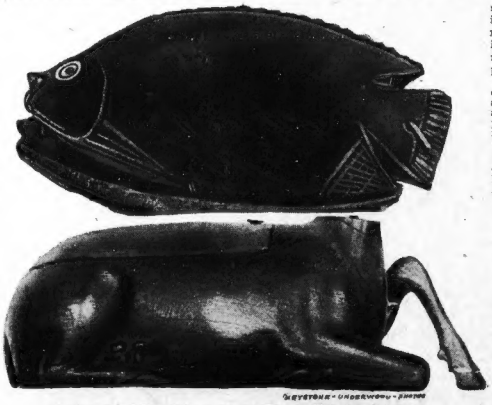
THE fastidious woman of today, whose toilet table is graced by crystal bottles of perfume and jeweled powder boxes, probably imagines that these containers of things which enhance her beauty and charm are objects peculiar to our highly civilized times. But such is not the case. Fully 5,000 years ago the women of Egypt were rouging their lips, powdering their dusky faces, pencilling their arching eyebrows and anointing their ear-lobes with persuasive perfume. And they were keeping these cosmetics in jars and boxes and urns which were veritable works of art.

The photographs at the bottom of this page show only a few of the exquisitely conceived and fashioned toilet table accessories which were used by feminine subjects of the Pharaohs during the so-called Eighteenth Dynasty, that is, between 1580 and 1350 B. C.

These valuable and interesting objects are part of the Egyptian collection belonging to the New York Historical Society, most of which until recently was not on public exhibition.

Perhaps the most ingenious of the boudoir ornaments shown on this page is the beautifully carved powder box made of wood and done in the likeness of a gazelle. Unfortunately the head of the figurine is missing, but the high quality of the workmanship is apparent in the rest of the figure, particularly in the delicacy of the legs and hooves. The cover was, as the picture shows, carefully cut from the back of the animal, and it moved on a pivot.

No less remarkable for the skill of its execution is a so-called paste spoon which is done in imitation of a bouquet of flowers. The bouquet forms the handle of the delicate instrument and the bottom of it is the shallow spoon which was dipped in black or green paste, to be applied to the eyelids. Another priceless object in the collection is another, and somewhat less ornate paste spoon, the handle of which was carved in imitation of lotus blossoms and the graceful neck and head of a duck. It is not hard to imagine the pride that some well-to-do citizen of the Nile felt when he brought this pretty little beauty aid home to his wife.



KEYSTONE - UNDERWOOD PHOTO

(At Top) Carved Slate Dish, of the 18th Dynasty, With Swivelled Cover. It Was Used for Holding Complexion Paint.
(At Bottom) In the Form of a Gazelle, With the Head Missing, Unfortunately, a Toilet Box Used by a Beauty of 3,500 Years Ago.

The most amusing of the cosmetic containers is a slate paint dish made in the shape of a fish. The body of the fish was the cover and it was attached to the base by a metal peg. When this relic of a past culture was found in the Valley of the Nile it still had in it the dried remnants of eyebrow paint used by some long-dead beauty.

Every year new discoveries are made in Egypt which tend to show that the women of that country, centuries before the first white man set foot in the Western Hemisphere, were adept at the art of make-up and thoroughly aware of the positive effect the use of cosmetics had on the males of the realm.

The women of ancient Egypt, particularly those of the rich and ruling class, must have spent a good deal of their time in "gilding the lily," for they beautified themselves with paints, powders, perfumes and pomades. They had nearly all the beauty aids that modern women have, and a few others besides. Not only did they redden their lips and their cheeks, accentuate their brows and shade their eyelids—they also had their bodies massaged with rare and sweet smelling oils that, presumably, kept their skins in first-class condition and gave them fascinatingly clear, if dusky, complexions.

In the New York collection of objects from the boudoirs of ancient Egypt there are hundreds of pieces, not only masterpieces in wood and stone, but such rare relics as bronze mirrors, hair curlers, hairpins, combs and—believe it or not—razors.

KEYSTONE - UNDERWOOD PHOTO

Another Toilet Spoon in the Shape of a Bouquet. It Was Originally Inlaid With Ivory and Served in the Application of Colored Paste.

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First Improvement in Stairs for 5,000 Years

At Last a French Scientist Constructs a Staircase on New Engineering Lines—Other Curious Examples of Things Mankind Has Accepted Down Through the Ages as Too Good to Be Improved, Until Some Genius Thought Out Something Better

FOR five thousand years men and women have climbed up and down stairs and hated it. Housewives have complained because running up and down stairs all day used up more energy than all other tasks put together. Business men have insisted on offices with elevators, even if only two or three flights of stairs needed to be climbed. No one, until now, seems to have thought of improving stairs and making them easier to live with and to use.

Finally, however, a French inventor has come to humanity's rescue. In his house at Saint Cloud, a suburb of Paris, this inventor, Monsieur C. Contal, constructed an entirely new stairway, which he calls the "Archimedes staircase"—not because that great Greek mathematician and inventor had anything to do with it or even thought about staircases so far as anyone knows, but merely because Archimedes was an original and inventive genius and because M. Contal deems his own invention of an easier stairway to be one of which Archimedes himself might not have been ashamed.

The Inventor, M. Contal, Descends the Conventional Flight, While the Young Lady Takes Advantage of the Archimedean Arrangement.

A Rubber-Tired Wheel Attached to the End of the Heavy Suitcase Enables the Young Woman to Move It With Ease. When Not in Use, the Wheel Folds Flat Against the Suitcase.

The invention goes back to a case of "water on the knee" experienced by M. Contal. Already he had a number of inventions to his credit, including many automotive inventions, a motor tricycle that made a cross-country trip from Paris to Pekin as early as 1908, a machine for making cigarettes, children's toys and even a patent umbrella. Successful inventions these were, too, for M. Contal is by no means a poor man nor an obscure one.

In bed with his watery knee, he began to think. The house had no elevator, and Mme. Contal was compelled to run up and down the stairs continually to care for her husband and look after the affairs of the house. Something ought to be done, he decided, to aid suffering stair climbers. Disdaining the obvious expedients of one-level houses, elevators or inclined ramps like those used for horses and cattle in barns, M. Contal decided to improve the stairs themselves.

The result is the Archimedes stairway, really consisting of two narrow stairways placed side by side, as illustrated in the photographs on this page. The individual up and down steps of these two stairways all have the same height, but the treads or flat surfaces of the two sets of steps are staggered. Each tread on one of the parallel stairways is just half way between two of the treads on the other stairway. The right foot of a person going up or down uses the right-hand set of these steps; the left foot uses the left-hand set. The person never has his two feet at the same level until he reaches the bottom or the top.

The practical advantage, M. Contal claims, is that the weight of the body is lifted as one goes up, or lowered as one comes down, more nearly uniformly than on the ordinary stair. The lift per step of the foot averages only one-half a step at a time, instead of a full step at a time. The motion is less jerky than on an ordinary stair, less energy is needed and continual use of the stairway is less tiring. At the same time, there is no undue use of space in the house or extreme lengthening out of the stairway, as is necessary for the so-called "easy" stairways that have very low steps or for the stepless ramps used in barns and factories.

Another advantage is that many falls which now occur on stairways will be avoided. Not long ago in New York City a serious accident happened because a woman lost her footing on a crowded stairway in one of the stations of the city transportation system and fell backward into a crowd on the stairway. Not only are such slips and falls much less likely on the easier steps of the new stairway, but it is another characteristic of the new design that persons cannot crowd past each other on the way up or down. The traffic must be "laned," as now is done with automobile traffic on many streets. If the stairway is crowded, one or more lines of people will be following each other in Indian file up one set of the Archimedes steps, while the down traffic will proceed in similar Indian file down another set. Thus falls and other mix-ups are much less likely.

The inventor has estimated that the average stair in France is about 6½ inches high and the width of the tread 12½ inches. Only when the architect has plenty of space at his disposal can the height be reduced to 4½ or 5 inches. This height makes it very easy to walk up stairs.

In the Archimedean staircase, each step will be about 3¼ inches high. Thus each leg instead of having to support the entire weight of the body during an ascent of 6½ inches will only have to do so during 3¼ inches. The fatigue experienced will be more than cut in half, for experiment has shown that the effort required in raising the body up a step is much greater during the second 3¼ inches than during the first 3¼ inches.

Several varying applications of this invention may be made. In large stores, railway stations, museums and so on, where there is plenty of room, a stairway may be divided into three parts. The centre will have high steps for the use of agile persons who wish to ascend rapidly, while on each side, separated by a rail, will be an Archimedean stairway for the use of those who wish to take things easily.

There may be a slight difference between the two, for that on the left, as shown in the diagram, will be divided down the middle by a low partition. This arrangement is for the benefit of those who feel specially timid, for it has been suggested that people might stumble and fall down on account of the unfamiliar division of the steps. Experience has shown that this is not so, but to avoid all difficulty a partition is placed between the two series of steps, and a person will be obliged to keep one foot on one side of the partition and the other on the other side, where stairway traffic is heavy.

Perhaps the ancient inventor who first thought of using any kind of stairs got the idea from the necessity of some device to get easily on to the flat roofs of Babylonian houses, which roofs always were much used for sleeping or resting at night or in the cool of the evening, when the insides of houses in a country so hot as Babylonia were stifling. Ladders probably were used to reach these housetops in the beginning, but presently some forgotten genius had a labor-saving brainstorm and invented steps; just as M. Contal's desire to save Madame Contal too much stairway fatigue now has led to the second advance—with perhaps 5,000 years of stair-using discomfort between them.

In Going Up the Regular Stairs Without Using the Auxiliary Flight, the Front Knee Is Bent at Right Angles, Causing Severe Strain on the Muscles to Lift the Weight of the Body.

Rich people who can hire porters to carry their baggage everywhere probably find present-day trunks and suitcases satisfactory enough, but for ordinary folk there is the continual trouble of lugging these articles painfully and laboriously along the streets, on and off transportation vehicles and so on. Yet no one, until a recent British inventor got busy on the problem, thought of any better improvement than to hire a helper with a wheelbarrow, provided such a helper and barrow could be found when wanted.

The new British invention, shown not long ago at an exhibition of leather goods in London, is as simple as the Archimedes staircase. It consists merely of a small steel wheel, rubber-tired and fastened to the suitcase or trunk with a folding hinge and spring. When folded against the side of the trunk this wheel is inconspicuous and is not in the way. If needed, however, the wheel may be folded out and the trunk run along on it precisely like an upright kind of wheelbarrow. There is a small handle by which the wheeled baggage can be held and guided.

The idea may be worth while for other ordinary articles. As a comic artist for a British newspaper suggested when the wheeled trunk was shown, some system of the kind would not be bad for the heavy "easy chairs" and other articles of furniture which now are so popular, and which invariably catch on rugs, bump into other furniture and necessitate the perspiring efforts of two or three people every time that they have to be moved.

Another article of daily use that had no improvement for centuries until a recent genius got at it, is the pocket in clothes. Everybody takes pockets for granted and thinks nothing of them, but Dr. Percy Edgelow, of London, pointed out recently that the average pocket is unbelievably dirty; unquestionably the dirtiest article of clothing that the average person possesses or dares to use. Virtually everything goes into pockets, yet no one ever thinks of washing them as soiled clothes are washed. Pockets are not even turned out to air or sunlight, which might kill some of the myriads of germs which Dr. Edgelow insists the average pocket accumulates.

The London physician's invention, however, is still better. It is a removable pocket, fastened to the coat or other garment with a simple system of loops and tapes, and which can be removed every day or so for thorough washing in the same way that handkerchiefs or underclothing are washed.

From France comes another labor-saving improvement of an ancient article with which mankind has been putting up for centuries, the fork or spade used to dig up the soil in gardens. Always these forks have been made with plain, straight shafts with only a small grip at the extreme end. A French inventor, M. Costes, adds a cross bar, perpendicular to this shaft and fixed to it at about the height of the arms of the digger. Using this, the digger gets a much greater leverage on the soil and can turn over the sod or soil much faster and more easily than ordinarily is possible.

Sash windows, sliding up and down in a groove instead of swinging open and shut like a door, were invented by another unknown genius apparently only about two hundred or three hundred years ago. A passage in the famous Pepys Diary suggests that they were borrowed from the sliding windows of the stage coaches which were the universal conveyances in that day.

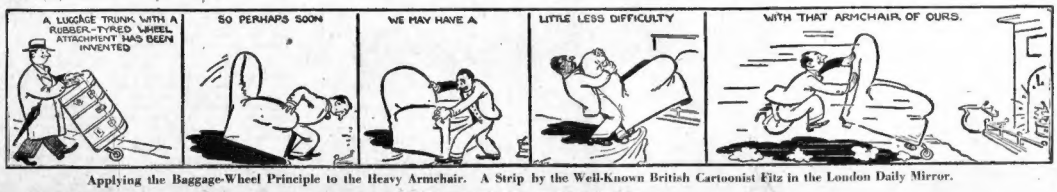
There being no room to swing coach windows in or out, some inventor thought of the sliding window and this then was taken over into house-building, after more than four thousand years of windows that opened inconveniently, like doors. Recently the swinging casement windows have been coming back into use, probably as a revolt against poorly made sash windows that leak and rattle, yet so far the larger number of windows in the world still are of the convenient, space-saving variety that slide.

Still another ancient and simple invention was that of the hinge, like the hinges used on doors. The first doors, as built in Babylonia, Egypt and even in Greece, had door posts which rotated in sockets of metal or stone set underneath the post, as some heavy gates still do. It seems to have been thousands of years after mankind had doors before anyone thought to swing them on hinges.

The modern pointed screw that will make its own way into wood without necessity of boring a hole to start it resembles the safety pin in being an ancient invention which dropped out of use and was rediscovered. Ancient Roman screws have been found with points on them, although it is doubtful whether the Roman blacksmiths could make these screws sharp enough on the point to enter wood easily.

Two generations ago an American inventor rediscovered the idea, ordinary carpenter's screws in those days being made blunt and started in a hole bored especially with a gimlet. The British rights to this invention happened, indeed, to be the start of the financial fortunes of young Joseph Chamberlain, afterward the famous politician.

Women have put up for years with dress goods that crease and wrinkle on the slightest provocation. Men have gone around with deep wrinkles and creases across the backs of their coats and underneath the knees of their trousers. It seems never to have occurred to anyone that this could be avoided so long as soft and comfortable fabrics were to be used. Recently, however, a British textile research association tackled the problem and claims to have produced fabrics which are perfectly soft and flexible but which will not crease or wrinkle, no matter what is done to them.


A LUGGAGE TRUNK WITH A RUBBER-TYRED WHEEL ATTACHMENT HAS BEEN INVENTED
SO PERHAPS SOON
WE MAY HAVE A
LITTLE LESS DIFFICULTY
WITH THAT ARMCHAIR OF OURS.

Applying the Baggage-Wheel Principle to the Heavy Armchair. A Strip by the Well-Known British Cartoonist Fitz in the London Daily Mirror.

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Championship Medal for the Biggest Liar

Some of the "Tall Stories" Submitted in the National Contest at the Burlington Liars' Club, and Mr. McCarthy's Cat Whopper Which Got the Prize

Honorable Mention—The Ingenious Yarn of the Squirrel Who Stole the Hunter's Hunting License and Used It as a Number for Its Tree House.

IT WAS in the woods of northern Wisconsin that the famous Paul Bunyan, the greatest American Munchausen that ever lived, is reported to have performed some of his incredible exploits. From Maine to California in the logging camps preposterous tales of the mythical Bunyan are still told. It is not perhaps unnatural that in Burlington, Wisconsin, should have been organized a "Liars' Club" which solicits "tall stories" from all sections of the United States and awards a medal each year to the champion liar who has narrated the most preposterous experience.

For four years the Club has crowned the champion liar, and to Mr. Paul McCarthy, a heating contractor of Denver, Colorado, went the championship trophy for 1932, awarded at a breakfast meeting of the Club recently. Should McCarthy win the annual contest three times in succession, he will come into permanent possession of the medal which, up to now, has changed hands each year.

Captain Anton Delano, a retired captain of lake steamboats, and his friend, Chief of Police Frank Beller of the Burlington Police Department, were the original charter members of the Liars' Club. Their "tall stories" and occasional contributions by others who dropped in at police headquarters resulted in the formation of the Club four years ago. It was Captain Delano who received the first award as the community's biggest whopper teller.

"During my younger sailing days," the captain's salty tale begins, which won the first championship, "the boat I was doing odd jobs on from pealing potatoes to swabbing the deck was several days out of the nearest harbor when the captain sighted the biggest whale that I ever saw or heard of. The critter could well have been mistaken for a black, shiny island, but it didn't fool the boss, who gave orders to draw up alongside the monster from behind, and we did, to find out that it was swimming at a speed of six knots an hour. It seemed to be a friendly fellow and made no bones about our boat being there. We increased our speed to eight knots an hour and kept it there for four days before we finally passed the briny beast and got into open water again."

Special Award—The Man Who Worked Up Such Speed on His Skis That He Couldn't Stop, and Went Through a Grizzly Bear, Skis and All.

The hobby of telling better and better stories continued in Burlington throughout the year 1930, until the time to crown a new champion and wrest the title from the captain, if possible. Joe "Skinny" Juranek, Burlington's fish hatchery attendant, seemed to be well on his way to the championship when he narrated to the judges that one day he was called to the Burlington Golf Club, which is located along both shores of the Fox River, to investigate the reason for the high water which had suddenly inundated several fairways and greens. That was the more remarkable because it had not rained for several weeks and everywhere pastures and fields were parched. After a casual examination of the river, Juranek said, he discovered that an unusually large carp was lying cross-wise in the stream just below the golf course, causing the water to dam up.

The day before the judges expected to decide the new winner they asked Chief of Police Beller if he wished to enter the competition. They assured him whatever he submitted would get their earnest attention despite the fact that entries were about to close.

"Why should I enter your contest?" the Chief asked indignantly. "I never told a lie in my life."

Without giving further consideration to anyone else, the judges named Chief Beller the new champion liar of Burlington to succeed Captain Delano.

By this time the movement began to command widespread attention, and scores of fables were submitted from interested persons in a number of States, all of them threatening to take the proud title away from Burlington's small clique of liars. One of these letters, from Orin F. Butts, 2012 Marsack St., Bay City, Mich., could not be denied, and above the protest of loyalists in the community the medal went to him.

"I hired out to a farmer and was working in the barn with him one day when a bull gored him," the lie begins. "Before I could prod the vicious animal away my employer was so seriously gored that I thought he would die, the bull having slashed his stomach and intestines. I hurried to a neighboring field and killed a sheep and immediately performed the extremely delicate operation of substituting the sheep's insides for the farmer's and in due time the farmer recovered. But soon he began to act strangely, refusing to enter the house and insisting upon eating corn stalks. The second year he grew a set of horns and soon after we sheared him of 30 pounds of wool."

McCarthy, the newest title holder, was one among 49 submitting "tall" stories in 1932, according to an officer of the Club, who also served as a judge. Another judge said there were 12,000 entries and the third believes he counted 129,000. They all agree, however, that letters came from 22 States and Canada, but those from Canada were not considered, however, because of the Club's desire to keep the title in this country.

In stating his qualifications, McCarthy writes:

"I am in the heating business, which is very much above plumbing; besides, if I were a plumber I wouldn't take the trouble of accepting an invitation to join a liars' club because I would feel that I was a bona-fide member of all liars' clubs."

McCarthy's lie was chosen as the best among all of those submitted because it combines remarkable technicalities concerning a cat which had failed as a mouser and was made a champion by science.

"I was an engineer in a flour mill," ran the lie, "and I took the cat into the engine room with me, partly for company but mostly to get rid of mice, which overran the whole building. The cat fell down on the job. The mice even stole its food.

"One day the cat got a front foot caught in one of the large mill wheels. We had to amputate the foot, and feeling sorry for the animal even though it had failed as a mouser, I carved out a wooden leg for it.

"Then came the surprise. As soon as the cat got used to its artificial leg, it began bringing in mice at the rate of fifteen a minute. I was curious and from the darkness of a bin watched the cat. I saw it hide behind a post. Every time a mouse came by the cat struck and stunned it with the wooden leg. The record kept was 4,704 mice in 49 days.

"The third day I noticed the hair of the mice was all turned the wrong way. I puzzled out the reason. There was a knothole in the cat's post. It looked through this with one eye and peered around the corner with the other. Its many hours of vigil caused it to become cock-eyed. If you ever looked at a cock-eyed cat in the dark you know why the mice's hair turned the wrong way and they dropped dead of fright."

There were some indications that the award would not be approved throughout the nation. As soon as the decision went out over the wires, telegrams began coming into the committee. The burden of them was, "You are a liar." The committee, however, refused to change its decision or consider any more stories until the close of this year.

Mrs. Lena Clough, Peoria, Ill., was judged the runner-up on the strength of this account of a rattlesnake:

"A man, who once lived in the South, one day saw a rattlesnake, who had been wounded in some manner. Being tender-hearted, he took him home, cleansed his wounds, and anointed them with healing medicine.

"The snake refused to leave him and became his constant companion. The man named him Bill, and taught him to rattle 'Marching Through Georgia.'

"Later the man moved away, leaving Bill behind. Twenty-five years later he revisited his old home and one day saw a rattlesnake which showed great joy when he saw him. It was Bill, and after he had wriggled his joy in seeing his old friend he climbed upon a log and with his tail struck the log several times sharply. Immediately from all sides rattlesnakes, big and little, appeared. They all ranged themselves before him and they all joyously rattled 'Marching Through Georgia.' They were his children, grandchildren and great, and he had taught them the refrain because he had never forgotten his old friend."

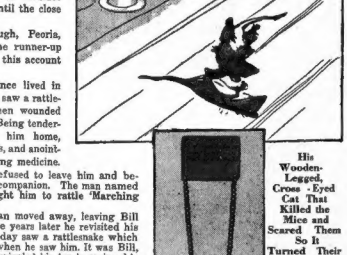
Chief Beller, who was one of the judges of the most recent contest, was strongly in favor of voting for a story concerning an old musket used for hunting buffalo during the colorful days of Buffalo Bill. The story was revealed to be his own. It so happened that when the hunter carrying this gun got to a stream he would lay it from bank to bank and walk across without experiencing the discomfort of wet feet. The real feature, the story goes, was the composition of the musket balls. Each ball was loaded with a large quantity of packing salt, so that when hunting buffalo from long range the meat of the dead animals wouldn't spoil before the hunter could recover his game from such frightfully long distances.

The judges this year showed unusual interest in the tale of Henry Moyer, 1203 Chester St., Reading, Pa.

"In 1928 I went hunting on Blue Mountain," Mr. Moyer begins. "Getting tired, I laid down beside a log and went to sleep. A squirrel woke me up, and I found that he had taken my license tag up in the tree and nailed it over the hole he lived in for a house number. I was pretty mad, and was just going to shoot him when I saw a deer through the brush.

"I only had a shotgun and he was too far away, so I found a peach stone in my pocket and put that into the end of the shell. Taking aim at his forehead, I let drive. Down he went and I thought I had him, but he jumped up and ran away.

Mr. Paul McCarthy of Denver, Colorado, Who Won the Liars' Medal For 1932.



His Wooden-Legged, Cross-Eyed Cat That Killed the Mice and Scared Them So It Turned Their Hair the Other Way About.

The Medal Which Mr. McCarthy Won.

"In 1931 I was hunting on the same mountain, and darned if I didn't see a deer with a peach tree growing out of his head between the horns. It looked as though there was about a bushel of peaches on it, but I missed him when I shot and haven't seen him since."

Another startling hunting yarn was contributed by W. D. Graves, 1739 49th St., Portland, Ore.

"I knew Paul Bunyan when I was a boy, before he left Maine. When I heard he had logged in Dakota, I went West hoping to meet him, but by the time I got there he was all through with the contract and I went prospecting. Struck it rich, and along in the Winter, with a pack of gold on my back, I started on snowshoes for Polson, then an Indian trading post.

"Along about dark I struck Ole Olson's shack. He wasn't home, but I helped myself to something to eat and then, thinking to make faster time, left my web snow shoes and started out on a pair of Ole's skis. I went faster and faster, and all of a sudden, a big silver-tip grizzly reared up in front of me. I didn't have time to turn, so I just hunched up and shut my eyes, trying to throw the pack off as I did so. The next thing I knew, I looked up and saw that grizzly standing there, using Ole's skis for a pair of crutches, and a hole in him three feet across where I had gone through.

"I never found my pack of gold, but undoubtedly it was the pack falling that made the hole which has filled up with water and is now Flathead Lake. I am now trying to organize a company to get a deep-sea diver to go down after the gold. If you are interested in financing my search for that gold, just send along the money and wait until you hear from me."

Another variety of "tall story" came from W. W. Chambles of Austin, Texas, who submitted this one:

"In 1826 I bought a Tamworth hog from William Stoner. It was 11 feet and 4 inches long and 14½ hands high and weighed 74½ pounds. I just couldn't get him fat. I had 100 acres of fairly good corn; you could walk up to a hill anywhere and get both arms full of corn and a dozen or so nubbins about a foot long. I fed it all to that dad-burned hog, but that wouldn't fatten him, so I decided to kill him and fry him out for lard.

"Well, sir, I got 14 neighbors to help and one of them shot the hog 17 times with a 30-30 rifle, but he just kept on eating corn, so we finally decided to coax him with corn down to the Casablanca Creek, where the railroad was building a bridge, and have them hit him on the head with a pile driver.

"We fried out 48 50-gallon barrels of lard and it took 19 wagons to haul away the cracklings after we got through. Enough hog bristles were piled up to make several thatched roofs in the neighborhood. And the last I heard Armours was still selling some of the lard."

Frend Henningfield of Wild Rose, Wis., recalled a whopper he heard 40 years ago when he was a clerk in the Rasch Bros. grocery in Burlington. Peter Betzig there told it, he said.

"Betzig once took a job to cut wood on the Christian Rasch farm," Henningfield related. "The day he started it was 30 below zero. He got a ride as far as the slaughter house on Honey Creek with Nicholas May and walked the rest of the way. Being nearly frozen when he got to the woods, Betzig lit right into the chopping and chopped so fast that his ax wouldn't hold an edge.

"He went to the farm house and borrowed another ax, and after cutting a hole into the ice of the creek was able to work by cooling one ax in the water while he used the other. But Pete said he had to quit at noon because the creek was so hot that it wouldn't cool the axes any more, and, in the second place, the chips were starting to come down and it wasn't safe to stay in the woods."

Commenting upon former Liars' Club champions, George H. Wallace, of Waukesha, Wis., wrote rather critically of them in submitting his own contribution.

"Those fellows aren't liars at all," he asserted. "They are just little fibbers. Personally, I am not a liar myself by a long ways, but my veracity has been questioned a number of times, even by people in the higher walks of life. For instance, out in Wyoming several years ago, I was a so-called star witness in a murder case. The fact is I was an accessory before, after and during the fact. And although I turned State's evidence when called to the witness stand and the judge used two Bibles to swear me in, in spite of this the judge turned the two murderers free and hanged a couple of other fellows.

"In 1927 I was steamboating on the Mississippi in the government boat, S. S. Thorpe. Naturally one would expect a government boat to be full of professional prevaricators the same as legislative halls. However, we were all decent and respectable, even to Billy Miller, the pilot. I know Billy was a capable pilot because one night near Grand Towers, Ill., we lost our bearings in a fog and ran over two cornfields and a cemetery. We stuck momentarily on a little up-grade, but by getting out the fire hose we dampened the soil enough so we slid back into the river a couple of miles farther on.

"One day Billy remarked that there was good fishing in the vicinity through which we were passing, so he mustered all hands and the cook on deck and baited the anchor with a quarter of beef and tossed it overboard, using a lifeboat for a float.

A Prize Winner of 1931—The Farmer Whose Injuries Were Repaired With a Sheep's Intestines and Vital Organs, and Who Then Grew a Sheep's Skin and Ram's Horns.

"Pretty soon we got a bite and the lifeboat disappeared in a twinkle of an eye. The fish drew the steamboat up and down the river with marvelous speed past all our regular stops, leaving shouting travelers and thousands of tons of valuable freight on the docks."

Billy, the former pilot of the Nancy, had an extremely good memory, Mr. Wallace continues, and confided with the rest of the crew that she was well stocked with real wines and liquors, the Nancy having sunk while Volstead was still weed commissioner in his ward."

Being a warm day in the middle of Summer, there was still steam under her boilers, the writer relates, "so getting the Nancy under her own power was not much of a task. Billy Miller naturally rewarded us handsomely for our cooperation and gave us each a keg of the finest whisky."

A. R. Bunn, of Westowne, Wis., contributed a story of his experiences while serving in the army during the World War. He wrote:

"You should have been with us the night a German 'Tin Fish' sank the Tuscania. I happened to be on the bridge advising the captain how to approach the danger zone when the torpedo struck. With a clean dive over the rail I plunged below sea, seized the telescope of the sub, yanked it off and handed the Dutch skipper and each one of his crew their stateroom numbers in Davy Jones's locker.

"A few weeks later while at Camp Cheese, located at Winchester, Eng., reports came in that the Fritzes were acting rather ornery down around Chateau Thierry. It seems that by watching the clock in the city hall tower they were able to time Big Bertha's shots at Paris.

"Now our Yanks had just set up a very modern battery of coast artillery at Camp Cheese and I was fortunate enough to secure the general's permission to spoil the Fritzes' game. After inspecting the battery I selected a medium-sized gun, but in comparison it was big enough to make Big Bertha look like an air rifle.

"In a remarkable short time I had the gun properly aimed. Then, placing a seven-ton shell into the breech, I pressed the button and sent my greetings to the Fritzes. Desiring to see the effect of my shot, I ascended ten or fifteen thousand feet in an observation balloon and shading my eyes a bit I saw that I had shot out the center pin of the clock that the hands revolve on and thus by stopping the clock I had rendered the Big Bertha practically useless.

"The general congratulated me and promised to remember me in dispatches. When, a few days later, I received seven extra coats completely covered with medals I knew he had kept his promise."

An entry which one judge called the most finished lie he had ever heard was told by B. C. Humphry, of Nashville, Tenn., concerning a duck hunting trip. He relates that he, together with a companion, constructed a blind in a lake well known for its ducks and after waiting for half an hour a great flock appeared on the horizon.

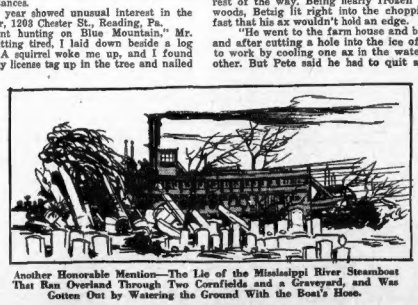
The hunters' decoys attracted the flock and Humphry withheld his fire until exactly one hundred fowl were honking directly overhead. He had but a single-barrelled shot-gun and yet with one shot he brought down 99 of the 100 ducks. In telling the story later to a friend of his Humphry was asked why he didn't say he killed the entire 100 ducks with one shot instead of saying 99.

"Because I don't believe in telling a lie just for one duck," was the reply.

"A lie need not be malicious," O. C. Hughlett, president of the Burlington Liars' Club, believes. "There is no reason why the old American custom of telling 'tall' exaggerations—the classics of the corner store and police station—should not be preserved by a club such as ours. The interest which has built the Burlington Liars' Club from a small community affair to a national institution vindicates our aim."

Entries for 1933 may be submitted at any time to President O. C. Hughlett, at Burlington, Wis.

A Near Winner—The Story of the Pet Rattlesnake That Taught Its Children and Grandchildren to Rattle the Old War Song, "Marching Through Georgia."



Another Honorable Mention—The Lie of the Mississippi River Steamboat That Ran Overland Through Two Cornfields and a Graveyard, and Was Gotten Out by Watering the Ground With the Boat's Hose.

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Pursued by Heiresses—Marries a Ballet Dancer

Snubbing Rich British and American Girls, the Young Duke of Leeds Auctions Off His Castle, Ghosts, Heirlooms, the Oldest Gin Distillery in Britain and Even Papa's Coronet to Wed an Obscure Member of the Paris Opera

The New Duchess of Leeds, in Her Costume as Ballet Dancer.

Practically Everything He Owned in England Was Auctioned Off by the Young Duke of Leeds—Historic Hornby Castle, With Its Interesting Ghost, Portraits of Ancestors, Including That of Lord Danby, First Duke of Leeds, Shown Resting Against the Auctioneer's Stand in the Picture, and His Late Father's Ducal Coronet—Which Brought Only $40.

LONDON, April 1.

A LOT of very nice girls, with very nice fortunes, are very much annoyed at the "perfectly outrageous" behavior of the Duke of Leeds—and who can blame them? Look at what he has done to the girls.

The Duke doesn't drink, gamble or smoke and his morals are above reproach, but that does not square him in feminine eyes; in fact, it makes what he has done even more aggravating.

This young man, probably the most eligible socially in all Britain and America, has auctioned off his fine old castle with its broad acres, its ancestral heirlooms, its ghosts and even the ducal coronet, ignored all the English heiresses who were waiting modestly to be asked, dodged some American ones who didn't wait, left England and has now married a mere French ballet dancer, with no fortune at all.

Legally he has the right to do these things, but England is shocked for many reasons. Ambitious young women and their match-making mothers agree that there ought to be an act of Parliament against it. A British Duke is the highest matrimonial prize open to girls of common birth, and, like most precious things, they are all too scarce. All told, there are only twenty-six specimens in existence and in recent years there have been only two who were single and of suitable age to marry. One was the Duke of Leeds and the other the Duke of Norfolk.

Norfolk's desirability as a husband is damaged by the fact that his bride would have to be so pious that few modern girls could meet the requirements, and even if they could assume the garb of piety, it would take all the fun out of being a Duchess. That limitation left young John Francis Godolphin Osborne, eleventh Duke of Leeds, Marquis of Carmarthen, Baron Godolphin, etc., and bearing the highest rank in the British Peerage, as the grand matrimonial sweepstake. And now he has walked out on everybody.

The Duke is said to have gotten about $2,000,000 from the sale of his English estates and he has considerable wealth in securities besides. Nevertheless, his justification for selling out was poverty and taxes. Had he retained his estates a few years longer, the terrific English taxes would have eaten up all he had, and he would have lost them anyway unless he had married an heiress. This is just what all the heiresses say he ought to have done and his long line of ancestors must have turned in their graves because he didn't. The Dukedom has been in his branch of the family since 1694, and kinsmen held the estates for hundreds of years before that.

The greatest and most famous piece of property to go under the hammer was Hornby Castle, near Bedale in Yorkshire, a magnificent old place that had come down from the days of the Norman Conquest, 800 years ago. It would be unusual indeed if such an ancient building did not have its reputed ghost. This one has, or rather had, several, but one specially well-known and entitled to respect and consideration by the young Duke because it was the spirit of one of his ancestors.

The spectre was supposed to be that of Reginald, Lord of the castle at the time his younger brother Ralph went away to one of the Crusades. When the survivors of that foolish adventure came straggling home, they reported that Ralph had been killed in battle. After a while there came to the castle a person who seemed to be a very old man, dressed in the garb of a palmer, a sort of tramp monk who was supposed to have made a pilgrimage to the Holy Land and had brought home a palm to prove it.

This aged and saintly-looking person informed Reginald that his brother was not dead but held by the Saracens for a $50,000 ransom. Reginald at once set off for London to raise the money, leaving the holy man behind at the castle. While Reginald was away his wife, who though still beautiful, was beginning to worry about her first gray hairs, entertained the old palmer.

The New Duchess, Quite as Attractive and Aristocratic in Appearance as if She Had Been Born Into the Nobility.

The Duke of Leeds.

He entertained her, too, and along with his travel stories exhibited a vial which he said contained a magic fluid that would give anyone perpetual youth. He wished to sell this to the lady for a considerable sum, not for himself but to give to the poor. Before paying in advance, she thought it only fair to have some sort of demonstration, and as the palmer had said there was enough to make two people young, she suggested that the old man prove the stuff's potency on himself.

The pilgrim protested that he did not want to live in this wicked world any longer than was necessary, but finally agreed, swallowed half the fluid, and went to bed promising that if he didn't wake up in the morning a young man he would not mention the subject again. Sure enough, next morning he bounded out of his bedroom a youth with jet black hair instead of white. The lady of the castle was now eager to purchase, but somehow the vial was dropped on the stone flags, smashed and the precious elixir lost.

Now that he had his youth and vigor back, the palmer employed it in making successful love to his hostess. Meanwhile Reginald had raised the money a little sooner than expected and was on his way home for a last visit before leaving for the Holy Land. At an inn where he stopped there happened to be another aged palmer who was dying and asked Reginald to come to his death-bed. The second palmer told him just what the first had said about Ralph and the ransom. When Reginald mentioned that fact the dying man said:

"Then he must be the villain who robbed me of my message and left me dying."

Reginald speeded up his journey and surprised the miraculously young palmer in his wife's arms. But the imposter was quicker on the draw than the wronged husband and ran Reginald through before he could get his own sword out.

Eventually the wife revealed the details of the false palmer's crime, even at the cost of her own reputation, and he was sentenced to be pulled to pieces by four horses. Incidentally, he was identified as a distant relative of the family and the miracle of his rejuvenation was explained by the fact that he had been a young man all the time. A little later Ralph came wandering home, having escaped from the Saracens without paying.

When young Leeds sold Hornby Castle, a Yorkshire real estate promoter tore the old pile down to convert the estate into small building lots. So now the ancient and honorable ghost of Reginald has been turned out in the cold, right in the middle of the depression.

Modern girls can't be expected to care much what happens to an old "spook," but men, women and children were shocked to read that in addition to first editions and priceless antiques, the ducal coronet that had been worn by the young man's father was sold for a mere eight and a half guineas, less than $40. For even less went his ermine-trimmed court robe and coat. England sadly speculated as to what ignoble person would strut around in these trappings. Then there were galleries of old masters, family portraits, and wine cellars that can never be replaced, which passed into the hands of dealers at depression prices.

In the eighteenth century another duke almost lost the castle and everything else, but managed to save himself at the last moment in a dramatic manner. This careless, noble soul had gambled all away but Hornby, its lands and its contents. These he would have to sell, too, because he no longer had the means to keep them up. The schemer who had won most of the wealth, estimating the duke as an utter fool and easy mark, pressed him to risk what he had left.

But there was a glimmering of sense in the noble head and he refused for a while. Finally he offered to stake the castle, lands and contents against a sum of money about equal to all he had lost, on a snail race, the details of which seemed more than fair and were accepted. According to the terms, the duke picked six snails from the castle's vines and out of these the other man chose what he considered the likeliest three. Unless one of the remaining rather sickly and unpromising-looking three won, the nobleman would be a pauper.

To the other gambler's dismay, all three of the duke's snails came in ahead. It seems that in his childhood, the lord of the castle had learned in betting with other boys that the most unpromising snails in appearance are the speediest creepers.

Among the valuable and venerable assets so carelessly auctioned off is the oldest gin distillery in England. But young Leeds does not drink and would not know the difference between the best gin in the world and the "bathtub" variety sold in American night clubs, so he didn't care. Knowing that he was being severely criticised, the duke had dodged reporters, keeping in seclusion at the Villa Selva Dolce, Bordighera, in the Italian Riviera and at Paris.

The pained English newspapers hadn't the heart to say right out that the most eligible young man in the Empire was to marry an obscure member of a French ballet. To soften the blow to their fair readers, they said that she was the daugher of the late Iskender de Malkhazouny, Serbian Consul in Paris, and mentioned that she had occasionally danced for charity. This was all strictly true, but Serbian Consuls are not men of wealth and their daughters are not heiresses, at least since the war.

While Mlle. Marianne de Malkhazouny had danced very occasionally for charity, she had danced steadily for her bread and butter since the death of her father.

For Marianne and his chosen life of exile the Duke has given a great deal or at least what many so consider—all the social deference paid to a Duke, all the honorary offices he was expected to fill, all the foundation stones he was expected to lay and all the speeches he was expected to make. His father was Treasurer of the King's Household and he would have been asked to fill some similar high office at court.

He is rather delicate physically, and the Riviera climate suits him better than the English, but that is not a good reason for exiling himself permanently. He could go to the Riviera for the Winter months, as so many English people do, and he would not be considered eccentric.

The Duke of Leeds has met the pick of heiresses from both sides of the water and resisted their charms. Some years ago, he was rather friendly with the attractive Mary Landon Baker, of Chicago, celebrated for having broken more engagements than any other girl in society. But that was one engagement that lovely Mary did not break, because she never had a chance.

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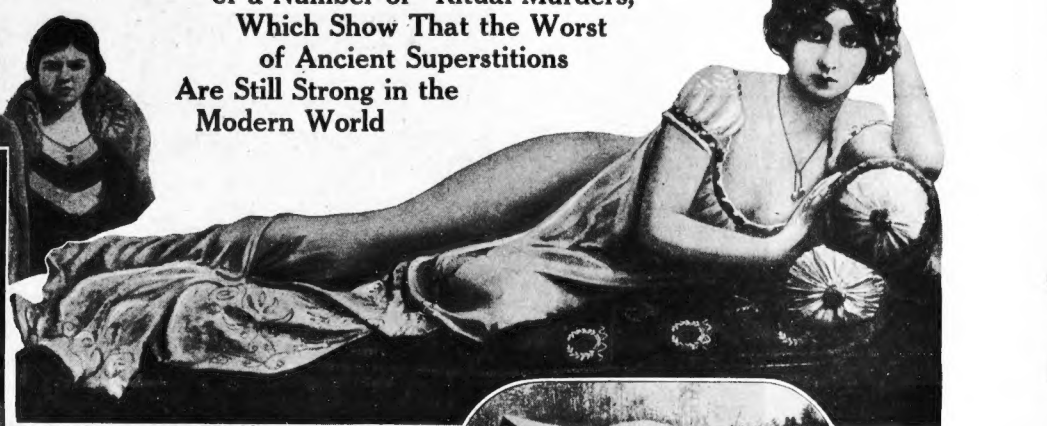
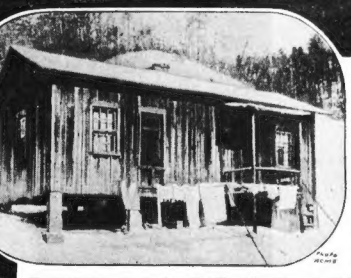
Sacrificed His Mother On the Altar of His Cruel Cult

Weird Crime of Religious Fanatics in the Kentucky Mountains Latest of a Number of "Ritual Murders," Which Show That the Worst of Ancient Superstitions Are Still Strong in the Modern World

John Mills, Leader of the Kentucky Fanatics, Chained in His Cell After Strangling His Mother.
Above—The Four Little Virgins Whose Lives Were Saved in the Kentucky Ritual Because Six Were Needed for the Sacrifice.



Mme. Marguerite Hodoyer, Who Joined a French Branch of an Ancient Indo-Chinese Cult and Was Slain With a Silken Cord as a Human Sacrifice to the Devil-God Lokapala.



The Boyd Cottage in the Snow-Clad Mountains Where the Old Woman Was Slain by Her Son.

AN EXTRAORDINARY religious orgy in which a man killed his own mother as a sacrifice has caused the arrest of nine Kentucky mountaineers on a charge of murder.

Devil-worship, voodooism, death cults and human sacrifice still exist in this enlightened age, for every now and then abnormal religious frenzy brings on a tragedy. But a more shocking story of modern superstition has never been heard in America than that which has just come out of the isolated mountain region of Martin County, Kentucky.

Mrs. Sarah Mills, seventy-two-year-old mother of a fanatical backwoods preacher, John H. Mills, was the victim. She was choked to death by her son, the authorities charge, as the climax of a five-day emotional debauch which might have cost the lives of half a dozen children as well, if it had not been broken up by law officers.

Mills, a man of thirty-six who was "converted" by a traveling woman evangelist some time ago, took up his new faith with a terrible earnestness and became daily more and more lost in it. He became a preacher. One night at a community prayer meeting he rose suddenly and declared in a wild voice that he was the chosen leader of the group and had been endowed with the power to communicate with the Lord in the "unknown tongue." This is a familiar phrase in most backwoods sections of the United States for the gibberish which a person utters when in an overwrought emotional state and which is believed by the superstitious to be an actual language, of supernatural origin.

A leader in the church attempted to quiet Mills, a man of giant stature, and Mills knocked him down. Chanting his queer rigmarole and singing loudly by turns, Mills dominated the prayer meeting until all but members of his family had slipped out and fled from the building.

During the weeks that followed Mills became more and more obsessed with his weird faith. He could not collect a large band of followers, but members of his family and some of their friends, partly believing in him and partly driven by fear of bodily harm, obeyed his commands. Thus they came to take part in the wicked ritual which ended in the sacrifice of the aged mother of the clan.

At the command of Mills his followers, who included a dozen men and women and nearly forty children, started a fast. A meeting was held in the cabin of one of the members, during which there was continuous singing, chanting and moaning, and as the hours passed the group became feverish with hunger and with the sustained religious excitement. The meeting shifted from cabin to cabin.

Frequently John Mills entered into a trance and communicated with the Lord, as his followers believed, in the "unknown tongue," after which he would give what he declared were his inspired commands.

One night he announced that the group must make a sacramental pilgrimage to a rock cliff located near the summit of a high mountain. By the light of the moon, reflected from the steep snow-clad mountainsides, the strange journey was begun. Mills led the way, chanting and waving a staff. Behind trailed, in single file along the narrow path, the men and women, and far to the rear a score of whimpering frightened children.

They reached a crude log bridge across a little mountain stream. The mad priest of the cult declared that the Lord had given him a command forbidding his followers to cross the stream by the bridge. They must wade through the icy water, he said, and be purified.

Waving his staff and smiting reluctant members on the shoulders, Mills herded his followers through the water, crying out in anger when a mother tried to help her children.

When the rock cliff was reached Mills conducted a ritual of sacrament, during which he placed an infant in the draughty entrance to a cave beneath the cliff and made his frightened disciples file by singly as he chanted in the unknown tongue and made "the holy signs."

In the midst of this weird ceremony Mills cried out that he had received a command from heaven that human life must be sacrificed.

"The Lord commands," he shouted, "that six who are virgins must be killed upon the altar and burned."

Repeating over and over this strange edict, Mills herded his followers back down the mountain and to the cabin of his brother-in-law, Tom Boyd. Here the last ceremonial of the death cult began. Fearful of the thing that was to happen, some of the mothers of the group had sense enough to slip out of the cabin with their children.

Mills was again in a trance, chanting gibberish, and when he recovered he began to look about wildly for the six virgins who were to be sacrificed. He could find but four in the dim cabin, which was lighted by a flickering oil lamp. Wide-eyed, trembling and tearful, these four little girls marked for death by Mills clung to each other beside the rude altar, while the mountaineer moaned and chattered.

Little Seven-Year-Old Beatrice Chisholm, Who Narrowly Escaped Being Sacrificed by Cuban Voodoo Priests.

His eyes gleaming, Mills looked about for the fifth and sixth victims. He could not find them. Finally, shaking his head and waving his arms, he cried: "The Lord's command must not be violated. There are not six who are virgins and we must find another for the cleansing sacrifice."

His roving, bloodshot eyes fell upon his sister, Mrs. Tom Boyd, who was clutching the hand of her four-year-old daughter. Striding forward, he grasped the child's arm. The frightened mother screamed. Mills wheeled and snarled like a wild animal. Then he placed the child, too frightened to cry, on the altar.

"I knew he would kill me, so I did not dare try to do anything," Mrs. Boyd told officers later. "My husband had already slipped out of the house and had gone somewhere to get help so he could put a stop to it."

The crazy ritual began again. The mountaineers who had "got religion" chanted, groaned and howled, swaying to the motions of Mills' staff. The mother whose child was about to be offered as a human sacrifice cowered in a corner, half-paralyzed by fear. But when Mills seemed to go into a trance again the mother snatched her child and fled out of the cabin.

When Mills became conscious that the child was gone he did not appear to be angry about it, but he began slowly to cast about the room for another victim.

This time his glittering eyes rested upon the features of his own mother, a trembling, white-haired woman of seventy-five. She had believed her son to be an inspired prophet of the Lord, and she had taken part in all rites as he commanded. She did not resist when he stepped forward and grasped her by the hand and led her to the altar, his lips mumbling the delirious hodge-podge of "the tongue."

She did not seem to realize what was happening until he pushed her back upon the altar. Then she cried out, "John, John, I don't understand this!"

Her son paid no attention to her protest. His hands closed relentlessly about her throat and he cho ked her, digging his knee into her breast.

While the others in the cabin seemed hypnotized with horror, Mills wound chains about the neck and waist of his murdered mother, and shrieked out that the body must be burned upon the cross.

At this point Boss Wells, a young man who had been summoned from his home near at hand by Mills' sister, burst into the cabin. Though he was stunned by the scene that he beheld, he rushed across the floor and struck Mills in the face with all his strength. The slayer-priest had his hands about his mother's throat again, and he received the blow with only an animal-like shake of the head. Wells tried to drag him away from the altar, but he did not relax his grip on the dead woman's throat, and the body slid to the floor.

As young Wells struggled with the slayer, a party of county officers reached the scene and took Mills and the entire death cult group into custody. Neither Mills nor any of his followers, who numbered eight at the last, offered resistance. They continued to chant crazily in "the tongue" and did not seem to hear the questions which the deputies asked them. Removed to jail, they continued to pray and sing for two days and nights, still observing their fast. All but Mills accepted food after the second day, but Mills refused, resisting every effort at forced feeding.

When they were arraigned before County Judge T. J. Hardin, Mills was so violent that he had to be carried from his cell and tied with a rope to a chair in the court room. He was held for the grand jury on a first degree murder charge, while the eight others were bound over as accessories.

In the investigation that followed the murder, county officers learned that Mills has a brother who is an inmate of an insane asylum. Mills himself, however, had never shown any signs of dementia until overtaken by his religious mania.

Psychiatrists who have studied the strange religious behavior of some backwoods Americans say the trouble is nervous and mental, though having a physical cause as a basis. The chief thing wrong, they say, is that many of these people are undernourished, often subsisting on a diet of cornbread alone, and deficiencies in diet bring on nervous troubles. Their "religious ecstasy" is a nervous disorder.

Offhand, one would not expect to find "nerves" so much in the country, where people are supposed to live "close to Nature," as in the city, but the fact remains that country people who do not get the right things to eat are just as much a prey to nerves as are their jumpy city brothers. And the same causes underlie the crazy religious antics of the Kentucky "death cult" mountaineers as those that operate in the case of the sophisticated "devil worshipers" of fashionable Paris.

Shattered nerves that ended up in addition to drugs brought on the death of Rene Jacquard, son of an old and wealthy French family, who had a gift for poetry that caused him to be ranked with Gabriele d'Annunzio. When he had ruined his mind with drugs he gave up poetry and concentrated on that ancient madness known as devil-worship. In underground "shrines" of the Latin Quarter he officiated at strange orgies as a "priest of Baal." He declared that worship of evil gods rather than good ones was the original religion of mankind, and that the Baal and Moloch of the ancients were the proper deities to bow down to. One night he was in the act of offering a human sacrifice, a drug-drunk victim who didn't know what was happening, when some men who had been warned of the orgy rushed in and stopped it.

Mlle. Marthe Dalbane, a Disciple of Rene Jacquard, Paris "Priest of Baal," Who Paid With His Life for His Devotion to the Ancient Rites.

One of Jacquard's disciples was the Parisian beauty, Marthe Dalbane, also a drug addict, known as the "Death Flower" because all her lovers seemed to meet tragic ends. When Jacquard was found dead, after attending a party with her one night, he was written down as just another victim of the "Death Flower."

Another celebrated French death cult was that of the Indo-Chinese colony at Lyons, France, among whose victims was the beautiful Mme. Marguerite Hodoyer, whose body was found floating in the Rhone River, nude, with only a silken cord around the neck. Investigation proved that she had been one of the fashionable Frenchwomen who had been induced by Asiatics to join the secret sect which worshiped Lokapala, the ancient devil-god of Angkor, a ritual which included human sacrifice.

Voodooism, which is rampant in Haiti, San Domingo, Cuba and at times breaks out even in this country, is a manifestation among less civilized people of the same ancient barbarism. In Haiti, according to reports of reliable investigators, cannibalism as well as human sacrifice prevails at the religious orgies. A few years ago, 7-year-old Beatrice Chisholm, daughter of a prominent American resident, was rescued in the streets of Havana from agents of a Cuban witch doctor, who had decreed her death in a voodoo ceremony.

The most astonishing outcroppings of superstition in this country, though not involving human sacrifice in religious ritual, have come from the backwoods of Pennsylvania, where the descendants of early German settlers still stick to a belief in witchcraft, black magic and spells. A few years ago the country was stirred by the murder of Nelson Rehmeyer, an aged "hex doctor" of York County, Pa., by John H. Blymyer, a rival "hex doctor," and two youths who helped him.

The hex doctors pretend to perform cures of all sorts of ailments, as well as to relieve persons who have had magic spells cast upon them by witches. The family of Wilbert G. Hess, one of the two youths who helped Blymyer commit the murder, had gone to Blymyer for relief from a "spell" which, they said, enemies had paid Rehmeyer, the other hex doctor, to cast on them. Their chickens would not lay, their cattle would not come home, and they had trouble with the neighbors over the right-of-way of a road.

Blymyer declared they could only get relief by going to the home of Rehmeyer, forcibly cutting a lock of hair from his head and burying the hair right foot under ground. Accompanied by Hess and another boy of fourteen, John Curry, he went to the farm of the aged Rehmeyer, but in the struggle to relieve him of the necessary lock of hair they hit him with a chair and a heavy block of wood and killed him. Then they poured kerosene over the body and set fire to it.

All three admitted a firm belief in witchcraft when they were tried for the murder. Blymyer and the Curry boy were sentenced to life in the penitentiary, and Hess was given a sentence of ten to twenty years.

As in the case of the recent Kentucky matricide, Blymyer, the principal assailant, seemed to have the excuse of a leaning toward insanity. But the jury rejected this plea and found him guilty of murder.

What the attitude of a Kentucky jury will be, in a somewhat similar case of superstition gone mad, remains to be seen.

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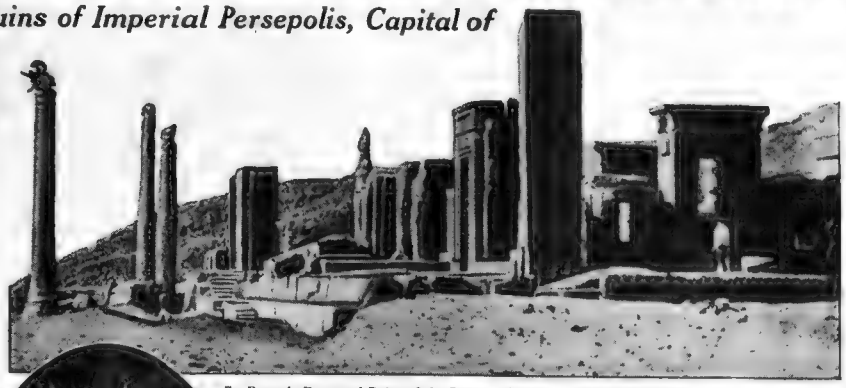
Doubt Alexander the Great's Historic Drunken Bonfire

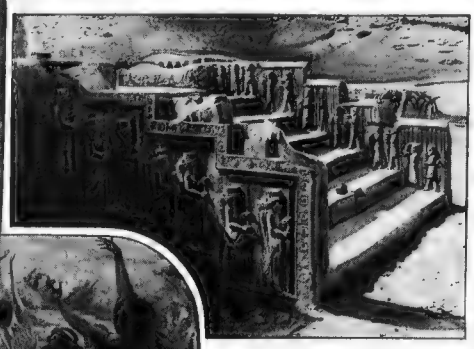
New Discoveries Among the Ruins of Imperial Persepolis, Capital of the Persian Kings, Indicate That the Ancient Legend That the Conqueror Burned It at the Suggestion of His Sweetheart, Thais, After an Orgy, Is a Scandalous Exaggeration

A Detail From the Staircase Showing Conquered Kings Bearing Tribute to the Persian Monarch.



The Recently Excavated Ruins of the Palace of Darius at Persepolis Which Ancient Legend Reported Was Burned by Alexander the Great as an Aftermath of a Drunken Carouse With His Courtesan Thais—An Untruthful Legend, According to the New Discoveries.

The Burning of Persepolis—Thais in the Arms of Alexander Setting Fire to the Hangings of the Palace. By the French Painter Rochegrosse. But Archeological Science Now Says That If There Was Any Burning by Alexander It Was Solely a Symbolic Ceremonial. One in Which No Building or Art Treasure Was Destroyed.



The Freshly Excavated "Royal Stairway" of Persepolis—Its Sculptures Still Perfect and the Steps Which the Feet of Persian Monarchs and of Alexander the Great, Their Conqueror, Trod Leading Up From the Desert Floor Into the Ruins of the Palace.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT setting fire to the great fortress-palace of his conquered enemy, King Darius, has always been one of the most picturesque episodes of history.

There is much about it that appeals to the average mind. The additional details that Alexander was full of wine and that he was incited to his act of vandalism by the lovely courtesan, Thais, help to make it dramatic. Some authorities represent him as carrying this old-time vamp on his shoulder and letting her do the burning. You may be terribly shocked at the proceeding or wickedly admire its gay recklessness, according to your character.

There have always been some reasons for questioning the accuracy of this story, but facts were lacking to disprove it and the majority of readers favored it.

But now the vast palace of the Persian Kings at Persepolis, with its banqueting halls and beautiful sculpture, has been laid bare by the expedition of the Oriental Institute of the University of Chicago, and there is an opportunity to find out whether the episode was true or not. Already Professor James Henry Breasted, the distinguished director of the Institute, declares that nothing has been found to prove that Alexander started a great bonfire there.

"That Alexander burned down the palace of Persepolis during a so-called orgy is, so far as we are concerned, legend only," the Professor stated. "We found no traces of flame on the rock, or the results of flame. We will not be able to give a definite statement that Alexander did not burn the palace until we have excavated further.

"But this we know: We found no evidence of a severe burning on the white stone, and the palace crumbled possibly from natural decay."

In his well-known handbook, "Ancient Times," Professor Breasted explains:

"Alexander gave a dramatic evidence of his supremacy in Asia by setting fire to the Persian palace with his own hand, as the Persians had once done to Miletus and to the temples on the Athenian Acropolis. It was but a symbolical act, and Alexander ordered the flames extinguished before serious damage was done."

The story of Alexander burning Persepolis was started by the Greek historian, Cleitarchus, who lived at about the same time as the great conqueror, although of a younger generation. He was connected with the court of King Ptolemy Lagus, of Egypt, supposed to have been a half-brother of Alexander, and had an opportunity to gather information about the latter's life. Only small fragments of his history survive, but it was used by other historians from the earliest times as a source of information about Alexander.

Eminent ancient writers like Cicero accused Cleitarchus of being untruthful and of telling an obvious fiction about the death of Themistocles. But the private life of Alexander was veiled in mystery and the old writers could not help turning to the picturesque Cleitarchus as a source of information. One of the old writers who helped himself liberally to the work of Cleitarchus was Curtius, a historian who lived under the Roman Empire. Here is his version of the bonfire episode:

"While Alexander's antagonist and competitor for Empire (Darius) was making every exertion to renew hostilities, he occupied each succeeding day in banquets, at which were present venal mistresses whose society was a disgrace to the brave.

"One of these, Thais, flushed with undiluted wine, suggested to the King that if he burnt the palace of the Persians it would gratify the Greeks, who expected this reprisal for the destruction of their cities by barbarians.

"While this bacchante was agitating this serious affair, one and another inebriated individual expressed applause, and the King with avidity embraced the proposal.

"'Why do we,' he exclaimed, 'delay to avenge Greece and apply the torches to the city?'

"Inflamed with the spirit of the grape, all rise together to burn that splendid seat which they had spared when armed. The King led the destroyers and fired the palace: then his guests, his servants and his concubines applied their flaming torches.

"The imperial structure contained a great quantity of cedar, which rapidly caught and communicated the flames. Now the army, encamped not far from town, perceived the conflagration, and considering it to be casual, hastened to give their services in extinguishing it; but when they had come to the portico of the palace, seeing the King hurling in a profusion of blazing combustibles, they dropped the water which they had brought, and augmented the fire with dry materials.

"The Macedonians were ashamed that the destruction of a city so illustrious should be attributed to a bacchanalian frolic of their King; they therefore gave the affair a severe aspect and pretended that it was expedient that Persepolis should be consumed."

This story has been growing for about 2,200 years, and there are hardly any easily imaginable details that have been omitted. From the first writers of all countries started to elaborate upon it. Many of these writers were of much greater eminence than the originator of the story. For instance, the great English poet, John Dryden, in the eighteenth century, built it into a splendid poem.

Most of the writers took a moral attitude and enjoyed pointing out how a great man could be ruined by giving way to drink and the wiles of a wanton woman. Innumerable preachers have solemnly urged young men not to be like Alexander the Great burning the palace at Persepolis. As a moral story from the life of a great man it surpasses in interest and antiquity even the legend of George Washington and the cherry tree.

Scholars have long noted many internal evidences of improbability about the Persepolis legend. First, there was the reputation of Cleitarchus for untruthfulness. Then there was apparently a spirit of petty malice in his writing. As Alexander conquered the greater part of the known world at the age of thirty-three and was to have eight more years of unbroken success after this episode, it is certain that his career was not hindered by drink. How, ever much wine he drank, he displayed an energy and ability never before shown by a human being up to the time of his premature death, supposed to have been due to poisoning. It is absurd to suppose the great soldier would have gone on a spree while his enemy was liable to renew the conflict.

As to his being lured into a foolish act by a woman, that seems still more improbable. It must be remembered that monogamy was not the rule at that time and that Kings were accustomed to take as many wives and concubines as they pleased. Alexander had a Greek wife and two or more Persian ones, married to conciliate the Persian people. It is likely that he showed some favor to Thais for a time as a way of proving to the Greeks that he was not unduly influenced by his Persian wives.

Apparently Thais was a courtesan of exceptional attractions, for she afterward became the wife of king Ptolemy, of Egypt. But Alexander was considered very restrained in his relations with women and well able to resist their allurements.

Dr. Charles Breasted, son of the noted director of the Oriental Institute and his representative, gave some further information about the new discoveries at Persepolis.

"The expedition under the field directorship of Dr. Herzfeld," said Dr Breasted, "uncovered a series of wall sculptures, which if set together would form a vast panel of reliefs five or six feet high and almost a thousand feet in length. The carvings, which include a series of historical inscriptions, are as fresh as the day when the sculptors' hands touched them for the last time.

"Such superb artistry and the civilization which it implies obviously did not burst forth over night—behind it lay thousands of years of slow development. The evidence of this development was found when our expedition unearthed, about two miles from Persepolis, a 6,000-year-old Stone Age village, the first such village found in modern times. It contains the earliest windows of which we have knowledge. Here lived the remote ancestors of King Darius and his subjects.

"At the foot of a black mountain, upon a terrace built of gigantic blocks of stone often weighing over forty tons, stood the palace of Persepolis, built about 521 B. C."

The ruins proved that the Persian Kings and their courtiers enjoyed sanitary conveniences of an advanced kind, far superior to those used by European Kings and Queens up to the middle of the nineteenth century or even later. They had baths, lavatories and other arrangements.

One of the most noteworthy sculptures depicts Xerxes seated on his throne in the hall of a hundred columns. This was the King who "sat on the rocky brow that looks o'er sea-born Salamis," in Byron's words. Xerxes was defeated by the Greeks at Salamis.

Persepolis was situated in a desert, though healthful, region, and after the downfall of Darius III, it was abandoned, and in time its whereabouts was forgotten.

Then, one day, three years ago, the Persian Government, under the enlightened rule of the present Shah, passed a law permitting duly accredited institutions to carry on excavations and archeological work. The Oriental Institute of the University of Chicago at once applied for the concession and obtained it.

Dr. Breasted, who was in Palestine, flew by airplane to Persia, met Dr Herzfeld and made arrangements for the construction of headquarters. The American expedition is now housed in the harem of Darius the Great—not the Darius conquered by Alexander.

The Portico of the Great Palace of Xerxes at Persepolis, Guarded by Winged Bulls 15 Feet High with Human Faces. Through This Passed Thousands of Years Ago Conquered Kings and Satraps of the Great Persian Empire, but There Is No Evidence That It Was Burned by Alexander the Great When He Crushed Forever the Glory of Persia.

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By Lord Montagu's Daughter Who Ran Away to be a Chorus Girl

The Hon. Helen Scott Montagu Reveals Her Interesting Experiences in Living on $12.50 a Week After Being Brought Up in the Pampered Luxury of a Wealthy British Earl's Palace

Lady Helen Montagu as a Society Debutante After Her Presentation at Court.

By the Hon. Helen Scott Montagu,
Daughter of Lord Montagu of Beaulieu

CHAPTER III.

(Continued from Last Sunday)

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IT was no fun driving a car with a man lying in the road behind, taking careful aim and firing his pistol at me. My girl chum and I had made the mistake of accepting a lift from two strange men near Buffalo, and they tried to abduct us. When one got out of the car to open the gate to a country place, I pitched Danny, the driver, out of the front seat and raced away with the car. The other man, who was flourishing a pistol, stumbled and fell when he started after the car. Prone in the road, he opened fire at us.

As I leaned over the steering wheel, the kidnaper with his pistol kept shooting at me until his weapon was empty. Before passing over the top of the next hill I slowed the car and looked behind. My friend in the back, whom I feared had been shot, also rose up and looked. She had merely thrown herself on the floor to dodge the bullets.

Far back in the distance still lay the motionless form of Danny where I had dumped him on his head. The other fellow was shouting and waving his arms, pistol and all, in frantic gestures for us to come back. We both laughed hysterically at the absurdity of the appeal and drove on. That man certainly was an optimist. At the first cross-roads, we turned the way to Buffalo and never stopped until we reached a police station.

The result of our complaint was that two supposedly respectable Buffalo business men went to jail. The man with the gun got three months while Danny only had to serve 30 days. The judge, I think, took into consideration the fact that in pitching Danny out of his car I had already inflicted some punishment by bruising him considerably and breaking his collarbone. Still, sentences for crimes of violence are surprisingly light in America.

When the company reached Columbia, Ohio, my roommate and I decided on stern economy at the beginning of the week. With this in mind we sought humble lodgings. They were humble enough, but not so the woman who kept them. She was a mixture of several Mediterranean races and had a hard eye that I did not like any better than the hard bed she furnished us. However, we had vowed not to be squeamish, so we paid half a week's rent in advance.

After the performance we came to our "home" and lit the miserable gas flame, not much bigger than a postage stamp, and groped our way to bed. We had been between the sheets about ten minutes when my companion gave a terrific yell, which a moment later I echoed as loudly. The bed, in fact most of the room, was alive with cockroaches.

They must have been trained ones, or at least in sympathy with the landlady, for the whole army of them had kept out of sight all the time that afternoon while we were looking the room over. We jumped up, got our things on and without troubling over anything except to get out of the place quickly, we left and marched off to a hotel, where, after some difficulty, as it was late, we got a room.

We had only packed a few of our immediate necessities, and next morning we returned to the boarding house to get our other luggage. The half-caste woman who owned the place refused to give it up until we paid the other half of the week's rent. We argued; we pointed out that we had taken a room for two girls and not a thousand insects, but she shut the door in our faces.

Our next move was made the following afternoon. We waited along past the boarding house, and I noticed the window of the room we had had, which was on the ground floor, was open.

"Let's climb through and get our things without the beastess knowing," I suggested, and there and then we put my plan into practice. Everything would have gone off well had not a policeman happened to come along the street at the precise moment that I was climbing out with a suitcase. He ran up, told us we were both under arrest for housebreaking and took us round to the door, where we were met by the proprietress who had kept our baggage.

Then we were marched off to the police station, where the charge was reduced from housebreaking to "beating our board bill," or what I suppose might in Britain be called obtaining food and lodging by false pretences. I promptly demanded that we be released on bail, but I had forgotten that we had only a little over a dollar between us. In searching my purse I noticed some British postal orders which I had had before leaving England. They amounted to a total of 16s. 6d. (then about $4.12).

"I am a British subject," I said, "and I demand to be released on bail or I'll take it up with our Consul."

Lord Montagu's Daughter in Almost Shabby Clothes as a Chorus Girl Living on $12.50 a Week.

"I don't care if you're a subject of Honolulu, sister," said the inspector. "You are under arrest on a charge, and unless you put up the boodle for bail you stay here."

I had an inspiration. "Will you take these British securities?" I asked the inspector, showing him the postal orders. He examined them, having never seen a British postal order before, and I got a shining example of the substance of British credit in the State of Ohio by his accepting them as bail for both of us. I did not stop to inquire if he knew their value. I thought it enough to have our liberty on 16s. 6d.

The case was heard next day. I really enjoyed that experience of an American court of justice. The case before ours was a dispute between two Negroes over the sale of a mule whose legs, one maintained, were decidedly faulty. The Court adjourned to inspect the mule outside. I went with them, and to my mind there was prima-facie evidence in favor of the gentleman who claimed the mule's legs were "no darn good, boss."

When our ex-landlady went into the witness chair, she said she had been "bilked before by ham actresses" (an expression I took to mean touring players who dodge their bills) "Anyway, these two" (indicating my friend and myself) "are just plumb crazy, Judge. Why, they asked for hot milk when they came home. Hot milk! An' I got plenty of spirits in the house."

During her evidence I amused myself by taking snapshots of the Judge with a small camera I was told I must not do it, but the objection went no further, and I have the photographs still. We had refused to have a lawyer and we refused to plead guilty. We were fined twenty dollars, and I was told by a police official afterwards that if we had not been so obstinate in arguing our case it would only have cost us three dollars each. That day the Columbus papers came out with large headlines: "Actresses and Innocent Hotelkeeper." From my experiences elsewhere in America, I wondered what the headlines would have been like had they known that one of the two actresses was an English peer's daughter.

Whether the joke was on me or the newspapers I have never been able to figure out. But I do remember a joke that was distinctly on me. I have several times referred to Frank Tinney's penchant for playing practical jokes on his fellow players, but Tinney was by no means the only joker behind the footlights.

Even that fine old sermon-minded gentleman, Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, never quite got over the joking weakness and played this one on me. On one of my early appearances I suddenly got a pause over my makeup and, rushing out of the dressing room to ask some older and wiser person, ran into the old veteran. He listened to my troubles and painstakingly gave me a lesson in the art of making a face look human to those on one side of the footlights by making it look inhuman on the other. Having completed a perfect job, he could not resist a wee joke.

"My dear little girl," he said, surveying me critically, "I have forgotten something. I have made those lips look as if they had never been kissed. We must correct that."

Being a woman, of course I began to think the dear old gentleman was about to kiss me, which would have been an honor. Instead, he reached for a jar of vaseline and, with a look of deep concentration worthy of Rodin putting the finishing touch on a statue, he applied the grease to my lips, and said:

"There you are, my dear, when the lights shine on your face your lips will look as if they have just been kissed, and I am sure you will create an envy in every man's heart in the wonderful theatre of ours, for why should not those beautiful lips of yours be caressed?" With a smile he left me, and I remember that I played my small part that night with such enthusiasm and intense fervor that I verily believe that I was almost in a trance, for had not the great Sir Herbert Tree made me up?

That was the reverence and respect which we young girls had, at that time, for the man.

On the next performance I added even more vaseline. But this time the house manager came back, scowled at me and whispered to the company manager, who scowled at me and called the stage manager, who outscowled the others and bore down on me with the following ungallant question:

"What the devil have you got on to make your lips all wet and shiny-looking as if you were drooling at the mouth?"

I told him with feminine completeness of detail on what high authority it had been done, but he only looked on me with pitying incredulity as he asked:

"Honest, haven't you ever been kissed?"

"Well, what if I have—what has that got to do with it?" I answered, and he said:

"Only that I wondered if you ever found anyone who likes wet kisses."

Some do think of it, I hadn't, but why had the great man told me wrong?

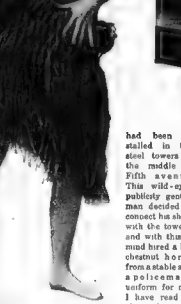
"Sir Herbert will have his little joke," explained the stage manager "It's lucky he didn't tell you to dance on crutches."

I have played a few myself but the worst of all, which had consequences that make me blush when I think of it, was wholly unintended. Americans, especially New Yorkers, are usually quick to see a joke; so how was I to know that one of the most preposterous utterances I ever made would be taken in dead seriousness and acted upon?

While I was a show girl with the Winter Garden, the press agent noted that everyone was talking about the brand new traffic lights which

Marilyn Miller in the Centre of the "Butterfly Number" in the Show With Lady Helen

Lady Helen and Some of Her Friends in "The Love Match," an English Melodrama in Which She Had a Small Part. Helen Is Second From the Right.



Aunt Pennington, Who Was Famous Chiefly for Her Beautiful Knees When She Appeared With Lady Montagu.

Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree as Fagin in "Oliver Twist." He Played a Grand Joke on Helen by Encouraging Her to Make Up With Vaseline on Her Lips.

© by Foto-Bilder

day was blistering hot. In a taxi we drove down to Fifth avenue and Fourth street, where someone was holding the horse. In the taxi, with that hot uniform, I thought I would have sunstroke, but when I had climbed into the saddle in the broiling sun it was ten times worse.

"Ride up to the tower at 59th," said the cheerful press agent, "and holler up something at the cop in the tower. Say something nice—that the cops and lights and everything are bigger and better here than in Dear Old London. I've planted a mob down there with reporters, cameras and everything."

The mob was there and at sight of me made so much noise that my fool horse took fright, pranced all over the avenue and making a sorry mess of traffic. By the time I had forced the animal to take me down to the tower I was so hot and furious that I could think of nothing nice to say and therefore delivered myself of the following ridiculous statement, as I pointed at the tower:

"Why disfigure the beauty of New York with such monstrosities, when women could act as policemen much better than these things." The woman controls the man at home, let her control him in the streets of New York."

Little did I think at the time that the effect of this publicity would be so widespread. That speech in Fifth Avenue was the cause of an outcry among the American public for the immediate enlistment of women police, and I featured in the American newspapers as a leader of thought.

I remember one newspaper came out with headlines "Why is it that an English chorus girl has to give Uncle Sam ideas on how to run his own country; have we no brains in the U. S. A.?

"Must we always look to the daughter of an English peer for bright ideas?"

Another paper said, "Proposal for the Honourable Helen Scott Montagu to be Director of Commonsense Bureau."

Even then I little dreamed what I had done to a peaceful and friendly country. Well-meaning citizens of New York and other large American cities kept on agitating until now I am informed that there are quite a few uniformed "lady policemen" on the payrolls. That is a worse joke than anything Frank Tinney ever perpetrated. Women are useful as investigators, matrons and other police adjuncts, but they have no more business displacing a male uniformed policeman than they have a piano mover.

Also they took the towers down from where they were, and belorgand, in the middle of the street where every driver could not fail to see them, and placed the lights on the sides of the streets where they are hard to detect from the mass of other lights, especially on Broadway. I wonder how many unfortunate motorists have been given a ticket for passing red lights that they did not see—possibly because I made that silly speech with a straight face.

That venture seems to have given press agents the notion that I would do anything they asked. While I was in the cast of "She's In Again" its publicity man acted on that theory, renting a large lorry or truck, as such things are called in America, and mounted on a pedestal high in the middle of it a grand and expensive bath tub. Below, in such a way as not to obscure the public view of the tub, he arranged the following two placards

"A Lord's Daughter Takes Her Tub"

"Look at Her! She's In Again"

My little part in this free show was to play the title role of Lord's Daughter. I was to be the star and the whole cast. It was so easy, "really nothing at all," as my friend the press agent assured me. All I had to do was just sit in the tub and be ridden majestically around town. Once in a while I might smile graciously to the populace and wave my hand with a sponge or cake of soap in it.

"Naked? Certainly not—not more than half naked."

He made the mistake of getting the truck all fixed up before asking me if I liked the idea. Probably he hoped that after seeing that he had gone to all that expense I would not have the heart to refuse. But I had. The company had a hard heart, too, and discharged me.

At that, they won some publicity out of the thing. The local papers printed stories with heads reading:

"Peer's Daughter Refuses to Take a Bath" and "She's Out Again," from "She's In Again."

Not till after the curtain was down did either of us awake and then it was my shrill Lipsy friend who "came out of it" first. Realizing her oversight she stuck the pin into me anyway. To the amusement of everyone I let go those delayed jests at the curtain.

Of course, I received a well deserved scolding and to prevent such a thing happening again deputed several other people within range to use a pin on me in case my forever prefect should be asleep at the switch. Alas, that precaution produced an even worse result.

One of the new deputy pinchers succumbed to that ever-present practical-joking urge and seeing a happily unsuspecting early in the act, planted a pin in the toe of her slipper and reaching her foot over stuck me with it.

To me that was my cue. Instantly my eyes popped open and though I could see that the situation was all wrong, I had been coached off and I simply had to spout those lines which were not due till some ten minutes later and were as irrelevant as Shakespeare. Worse than that, they were the cue to another actor who was sitting there waiting but in a sort of half trance and they touched him off and he touched off still another. If the thing had gone one step further it would have touched off the man in the wings waiting for his cue to ring down the curtain. But some one in the general demonstration kept his head and in a commanding voice repeated the cue that was due when I had started the trouble.

Instantly that set the machinery back where it belonged. Like a cuckoo in a film, the actors all jumped back in their lines and the act went just before me. This worked nicely until one Saturday night the girl with the pin had a few "sons" before the performance and herself went to sleep. There was a pause, known as a "stage wait," when my time to speak came, but, realizing that I was asleep, the other actors somehow got through and the act came to an end.

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"'Let's climb through and get our things without the beastess knowing,' I suggested, and there and then we put my plan into practice. Everything would have gone off well had not a policeman happened to come along the street at the precise moment that I was climbing out with a suitcase. He ran up, told us we were both under arrest for housebreaking and took us round to the door, where we were met by the proprietress who had kept our baggage.

Continued on Page 22

Blind-Man's-Buff

By Florence Ryerson and Colin Clements

A Dramatic Story of Love, Thrills and Mystery

Connie's finger pointing dramatically at that fated bit of paper had prepared us for anything.

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

NATHAN CONROY owns an island where he and his family spend their Summers. Five years before his death he retires there and remains the year round with the former manager of his plantation, crippled Henry Harker. At Nathan's death in 1929 he is buried in an ornate tomb on a rise of ground behind the house.

He leaves a will bequeathing his property to his sister Hagar (Great Aunt Hagar Conroy); his daughter Judith (Aunt Judith Conroy); and his five grand children: Dr. Mark Dietrich, a research physician beautiful Sally Conroy, Berto (Count Roberto Patri) Lucia Conroy, a promising young novelist and her dissipated twin brother Lee. The will ignores Nathan's only remaining son, Hugh; his adopted grandson, Douglas, an athletic Babbitt type of business man engaged to Lucia; his step grandson Tony, step-brother of Berto; and Mark's vivacious young wife, Connie.

The will requires that the legatees spend the month between September 15th and October 15th out of every year on the island Harker is to receive ten thousand dollars provided he stays for ten years as caretaker. In the case of the death of all the legatees the money is to be divided between Harker and Mrs. Petit, the quaint housekeeper.

In the Summer of 1929 Sally dies on the island from an overdose of chloral hydrate taken in a glass of tea punch. The bottle which contained the drug disappears. Every member of the Conroy family, with the exception of Lucia, is present and had access to the chloral and the tea punch.

Sally's death is believed suicidal until the following Summer—1930, the year the estate is to be settled—when Lucia discovers a note scribbled in the book Sally was reading, which says, "Murdered." Alarmed Lucia sends for Jimmy Lane, author, playwright and amateur detective. With Lane comes Philip Carter, his legal adviser.

On Thursday, September 25th, the colored servants leave for a barbecue on the new levee at the mouth of the river. The family gets into a discussion of detective stories which leads to a prize contest for the one writing the best mystery yarn. In the evening a terrific equinoctial storm breaks, making it impossible for anyone to cross the river for several days. In searching for Truffles the dog it is established that no stranger is on the island.

The following evening the stories are completed and turned in to Jimmy Lane, who reports nine. A game of blind man's buff starts on the darkened lower floors and at its conclusion the stories are read. At 1:00 it is discovered that a tenth story has been added, probably during the course of the game.

This last manuscript is entitled "Murder in the Conroy Clan." Using the island and the Conroy family it builds up through the happenings of the day before the game of blind man's buff the reading of the stories and its climax is the discovery of Berto's dead body in the breakfast room.

Berto is found exactly as described, his wrists and ankles bound and his throat cut from ear to ear.

The Conroys are all questioned by Lane. Each one had opportunity and most or less of a motive. Jimmy thinks the tenth manuscript was written by Berto as a hoax, and that the Conroys are not telling everything for fear of some horror overhanging them.

The next evening another manuscript appears headed "Murder in the Conroy Clan, Chapter Two." It carries the story up to the present moment then says that in spite of everything that can be done, in a few hours Lee's body will be found on the steps of the tomb his throat cut from ear to ear.

CHAPTER XVI (Continued).

The Death Threat.

MURDER, I am sure we all felt, hung over us like the sword of Damocles.

Connie's finger pointing dramatically at that fated bit of paper had prepared us for anything.

For at least five minutes after Jimmy had finished reading it there was no coherence either in our thoughts or in our words. The Conroys, men and women alike, seemed to be gripped by a sort of hysteria which affected them in widely divergent ways.

Aunt Hagar was muttering to herself in a corner. Mark sat staring blankly at the floor. Connie was sobbing. Judith lay back upon the divan in a half faint, while Tony relieved his emotions by pacing the room from end to end and swearing under his breath.

Only Doug and Lucia kept their heads. With my assistance, they were trying to calm Lee who was wracked by a terror so cruel, so devastating, that it produced a sort of frenzy.

"I told you!" he screamed. "We've been watching for it all these years. And now it's come! It's come!" His eyes, glassy and distended, rolled about the room from face to face. "Which of you is it? Which?"

"Don't, Lee." Lucia threw her arms about him. "Don't, darling. Please be quiet."

Jimmy stopped her, almost sternly. "Let him go on."

But Lee had collapsed against the cushions of the divan. "I'll die," he muttered brokenly. "I'll die like 'Berto. Blood all over everything." He was plainly revisioning the shambles in the breakfast room, and it threw him into a paroxysm of trembling.

Mark came out of his dazed abstraction, crossed to the couch and put his hand on Lee's shoulder. "Pull yourself together," he ordered. "Nobody can touch you. I'll watch over you myself."

"You!" Lee shrilled. "How do I know YOU aren't the one who wants to kill me?"

"We'll all watch," Tony promised. "We'll put you in your room——"

"——and lock the doors and windows!" Lee laughed unmirthfully. "That's what it says in that paper. But I'll be found murdered, just the same!"

"It says you'll be found on the steps of the tomb," Doug pointed out. "Nobody's going to get you up there unless you choose to go." The very matter-of-factness of his tone seemed to reach Lee and reassure him.

He lifted his face pitifully to Doug. "That's right. No one can make me go if I don't want to."

Jimmy Lane had been taking no part in this scene; for the past five minutes he'd been standing, apparently lost in thought, but I now suspected that he was listening keenly to the half-hysterical talk. Now, his voice cut across the babel:

"One minute. I want to ask you a question. How long before he died was your grandfather insane?"

There was a startled gasp from the group, and Lucia exclaimed:

"How did you know?"

"By adding two and two. You've all, obviously, been terrified by something. And yet you refused to give me a hint of what it was. When you want to know the truth about anyone, look at his library. That's my pet rule. When I looked at yours, I found a row of books on psychology, with especial reference to insanity. Judith's name was in most of them, but I could tell at a glance that the books had been read thoroughly. I remembered that your grandfather had lived here for five years before his death, alone with Henry Harker.

"A strange thing in itself. Then there was the matter of the will. Lucia pretended that none of you found it a hardship to come here for a month out of every year. That's absurd on the face of it, especially when it dragged 'Berto clear across the Atlantic. Since a provision as preposterous as that might easily have been set aside I figured that there must be some reason why you didn't want to bring the matter into court. From that, it was easy to guess that your grandfather was a madman when he died. Am I right?"

"Yes, you're quite right," Mark admitted. "He was insane. Naturally, we didn't care to have the fact trumpeted to the world. We preferred to come here every Summer."

"And sit watching each other for signs of madness?"

"Oh, it wasn't as bad as that. Personally, I've never believed that his insanity was of the hereditary sort. He was a paranoine of manic-depression type. But the symptoms didn't appear until after his fiftieth year. They took the form of epilepsia tarda, and were probably the result of a brain lesion or tumor."

"In other words, it couldn't be passed on."

"So I believed until now."

"Now, what do you think?"

"I don't know," the doctor admitted helplessly. "Of course it's possible that the diagnosis was wrong; such things sometimes happen. Grandfather wasn't a madman, in the accepted sense of the word. He was merely gloomy and given to obsessions, especially about the family."

"What sort of obsessions?"

"That we all hated him. That we were responsible for grandmother's death. She died in a hospital, where the doctors had ordered her for treatment. He became obsessed with the idea that we'd killed her. The only time he showed any signs of violence was when one of the family came near. When he announced he wanted to live here on the island, the doctors permitted it because it seemed better than an institution. They kept a male nurse with him at first. But he didn't get along with the nurse, so the last two or three years he was alone with Henry."

"Were any other members of the family eccentric?" Jimmy inquired, and Aunt Hagar broke into a shrill cackle.

"Eccentric!" she crowed, and Lee echoed her.

"Oh, my heaven, eccentric! Tell him about Aunt Sarah. About Aunt Mary, and Uncle Hugh. Go ahead, tell him!"

Reluctantly, Mark went on: "I suppose you might say that all of grandfather's children, with the exception of Judith, here, were neurotic, although none of them was insane. I've always laid it to the fact that grandfather and grandmother were first cousins."

"Let me tell you," Lee interrupted. "Mark will try to gloss it over, because he cares more for the blamed Conroy honor than he does for my life. Aunt Sarah, that was his mother, was a brilliant chemist; and when her husband made a big-grey success than she committed suicide. Then there was Aunt Mary, 'Berto's mother; she went abroad to study music and eloped with Count Patri. After 'Berto was born, she ran away from the Count with someone else. Two years later, she dropped him and went into a convent."

"Where is she now?"

"Dead," someone said.

Lee went on: "Then there was my own father——"

Lucia cried out at that. "Lee! You can't say anything against father. He was splendid."

"Sure he was splendid. Regular motion picture hero. Died for the glory of his country...but he drank like a fish, and he couldn't hang on to a dollar five minutes. As for Uncle Hugh—"

"Do we have to go into all that?" Tony asked wearily, and Doug answered:

"Of course we don't! It's outrageous."

Lee sprang to his feet and faced them angrily. "That's all right for you two. You haven't any of the rotten Conroy blood in your veins. I'm trying to save my life, and I mean to do it...no matter how much mud I have to sling!"

"Better let him go ahead," Jimmy said, and they sank back reluctantly while Lee plunged on:

"Uncle Hugh isn't dead. He's in an asylum." There was a murmur of protest, and he added, "A 'rest home,' they call it, and 'a nervous breakdown.' I think he's gone crazy."

"The truth is," Doug explained hurriedly, "my father, I mean my adopted father, you understand, has had a breakdown—from overwork. He's the sort of man who never plays golf or tennis to keep fit." (Doug's passion for athletics could not be forgotten.) "Now he's paying for it with a complete collapse. It's true he's in a sanitarium, under the care of a psychiatrist, but merely as a precaution. All he needs is rest and he'll be all right."

"That's what you tell us!" Lee broke in. "How do we know its the truth? How do we know he isn't a raving maniac, in a padded cell? None of us has been allowed to see him."

"That's because he has been ordered a complete rest. Dr. Archer thought it would be better if he didn't see anyone, even the members of the family."

"Like grandfather," Lee jeered. And answered the family's protests mutinously: "It's the truth! And there's somebody else that's like grandfather—somebody who's in this house!"

No one answered; and Jimmy, too, remained silent, his eyes fixed thoughtfully upon the table. I knew that he was weighing this new evidence, considering its relation to the case, and wondering which of that little group by the fire might be secretly insane.

The idea seemed utterly fantastic. Who could picture Dr. Mark Dietrich, with his fine-cut, scholarly face and his slim, surgeon's hands, deliberately taking a human life? Or Judith walking with 'Berto into the breakfast room and running a sharp knife across his throat? The very thought was absurd. And yet There was Tony. Was it any easier to envision Tony, or Aunt Hagar, in the role? Lee, alone, might have seemed in character, but Lee was marked as one of the victims. That eliminated him from our list. Or did it? A sudden thought struck me, and, glancing up, I caught Jimmy Lane's eye. He shook his head in an almost imperceptible warning and turned to Lee.

"Earlier in the evening you said there was something you wanted to tell me. You remember?"

"Yes." Lee roused himself from the lethargy into which he had sunk after his outburst. "I don't suppose it's of any importance, now, but it's something that happened night before last, when we were all writing those cursed stories. The house didn't quiet down until around one o'clock, and afterward I couldn't sleep. The river was making such an infernal racket I got to worrying about the bore. I heard it coming about one-thirty, and thought I'd take a look. So I slipped a coat over my pajamas and walked from my bedroom, down the gallery, toward the river. When I reached the south end, just about opposite Doug's door, I happened to look up at the tomb and saw something." He was sitting erect now. His voice had lost its high, hysterical quality and was hoarse and strained. "I saw someone go up the steps," he said, almost in a whisper, "up the steps and into the tomb."

"What?" I think all of us cried out simultaneously.

"I know you won't believe it," there was pathos in his voice, "but it's the truth."

"You mean you actually saw him open the door?"

"No; I couldn't see the door; the portico was too dark. But I did see him go up to it."

"What did he look like?"

"I can't tell you. From where I stood, he—it—was only a ghostly shadow."

"Why didn't you tell us this before?"

"Because I was afraid you'd

(Continued on Page 21)

"I saw someone go up the steps," Lee said, almost in a whisper; "up the steps and into the tomb."

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Don't Wear A TIRED THIRSTY FACE

You look the way you feel. • Refresh yourself with an ice-cold Coca-Cola, and bounce to a happy normal. • An ice-cold Coca-Cola is more than just a drink. It's a very particular kind of drink—combining those pleasant, wholesome substances which foremost scientists say do most in restoring you to your normal self. Really delicious, it invites a pause . . . a pause that *will* refresh you.

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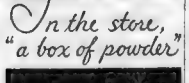

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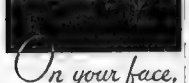

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BIG TIME By Rae Chadwell

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

ROBERT TRENT has worked ten years for the Starr Trust Company, the bank which is the pride of old Mark Starr, wealthy banker and benefactor of Mt. Jovite. Beautiful Ann Teal Rogers, wife is very ambitious for her husband and their daughter Baby Ann feels that Roger, thirty-one and still merely a teller will eventually occupy a high place due to his attractively winning personality.

Mark Starr's sudden death makes their future uncertain.

CHAPTER II
(Continued).

Roger Trent—Personality.

T was a week of excitement, of activity, of little groups congregated in washrooms of the bank, outside the lockers and at bridge tables in the evenings, with a single topic of conversation. Mark Starr's will. Even in death he wielded power to his satisfaction. Everyone had believed that his nephews would share alike; that one-third to each would be their portion. But not so. After other bequests, his will read:

To my favorite nephew, David Warren Starr, one half of the residue. To my nephew, Jerome Starr, one fourth. To my nephew, Donald Starr, one fourth.

Then was set forth the terms of disposal, all to be held in trust for a number of years, except the bank stock which was given outright to each.

Thus David Starr was given controlling interest in the vast industries that were the backbone of Mt. Jovite's growth.

David Starr, who had been merely a name, heretofore, somewhere half way down the line on the bank's printed personnel, moved into Mark Starr's luxurious office and called a meeting of the board of directors, at the conclusion of which, the revised roster read:

David Starr, president of the Starr Trust Company.

Jerome Starr, vice-president in charge of trust department.

Roger Devoured the Unusual Loveliness of the Woman Before Him. He Had Never Seen Her Like.

Donald Starr, vice-president in charge of bond department.

The last two changes were made under pressure exerted by the boys. David would have been content to have their names remain where they were, obscured by a list of lesser officials.

In these days Roger was thoughtful and preoccupied at home. Not so, Ann. She was gay, merry, hopeful. Any change augured good for her. They were in a rut. Stuck, so to speak, with their own complacency. A jolt of any kind was welcome to Ann. Even if Roger got fired, she argued to herself, it would give him new vision; shake him out of this ten-year stolidity that had grown on him. She was not blaming Roger; only seeking, in her woman's way for that magic door which would open new world's to her loved ones.

One night Roger hovered over her as she dried the dinner dishes. Finally he blurted out: "They let off two of the oldest men in service this week." When Ann did not answer, he continued a little lamely, "There are all kinds of rumors flying around about the changes Dave Starr is going to make; he's drunk with new power."

Ann finished polishing a glass and set it carefully in the cupboard.

"Tomorrow, and from now on," she said quietly, "you wear your best suit to work."

Roger stared at her, incredulous, believing that she must be joking. But Ann was serious; he saw that in her unsmiling eyes. He experienced his first impatience at her. Ann had such simple ideas about business. If she'd only give his problem consideration, talk it out with him, encourage him; why, blame it, he was facing a crisis; he had the grace to add (maybe). Instead, she dismissed his whole future with a decision to make him look like a clothes ad—as if wearing that suit could make any difference! He felt swiftly scornful of Ann's straining efforts to keep up appearances. He was on the point of saying something caustic when his mind, jumping around hotly, seized upon the suit. It was a good looking suit. Ann had never allowed him to wear it to work; he saw himself in it strolling through the lobby of the bank... Oh, well, Ann would never understand, was his manner of banishing his resentment; she had never mingled in the business world. He would wear the suit and give her the satisfaction of imagining she knew what she was talking about.

Ever afterwards—at odd moments of his life—Roger was to wonder just how much that suit had influenced his future.

It was an expensive suit, oxford gray, made by the best tailor in the city. He wore a sober purple tie with it, and a handkerchief neatly folded so that its narrow purple border protruded above his breast pocket. Purple, Ann insisted, deepened the blue of his eyes.

Each day he wore it, he returned from lunch by way of the front entrance. It gave him a sense of importance to stand for a moment, before entering, in line with the six imposing marble columns which reached two stories up to bear above their handsome capitals the carved marble lettering: STARR TRUST COMPANY. It also allowed a space for him to draw about himself a cloak of dignity in keeping with its grandeur. Beyond those lofty portals was an avenue of glitter and elegance that awed the soul of paying teller number nine.

He began his promenade each time conscious of the length of that banking room—the square bronze clock in the center of the rear half a block away; conscious of the immense height of the arched ceiling — its intricate molding defined by colorings of richest tint; conscious of the solid wall of plate glass, broken at intervals by panelings of marble, two stories high on the right that marked the street side. But more conscious than of all these, of that wall on the left—a solid blank of marble dotted by three closed doors, the offices of the executive vice president, the cashier, and Mark Starr's suite—now occupied by David Starr, bearing the bronze plate: PRESIDENT.

He strode past these with the air of a man who belonged in one of them, past rows of assistants behind the open marble railing, down the wide lane of plate glass cages with their bronze signs signifying their service. And sometimes when he would catch an eye following his figure on its gallant parade, he would think softly to himself: PRESIDENT TRENT.

Only when he arrived at last at the door in the rear which led to the lockers and washrooms was his bit of vanity deflated. He became again, as soon as that door closed behind him, Roger Trent, paying teller number nine. And he knew flatly, surely, that all beyond that small door was vain hope.

He would smooth the half-wave in his dark hair with the palms of his hands, square his broad shoulders broader and remind himself that he had been quarterback on old U's team in '14—salve to an unfathomable hurt he had carried since Ann's outburst—and would then proceed through the passageway behind the glass cages to his own little pen, marked: PAYING TELLER, with a sign where one might see: ROGER TRENT.

On a memorable Friday, at the beginning of this dignified masquerade, as he came opposite David Starr's office, that gentleman, followed by his expostulating cousin, Jerome, opened his door violently, precipitating himself directly in Roger Trent's path. Roger barely brushed the immaculate lordly arm, but so startled was he by immediate contact with two irate Starr's that he became confused in his apology. Starr's cold and hostile silence together with a haughty inspection from the momentarily quieted Jerome, so agitated Roger that he would have floundered to an ungracious stop, had not at that moment out of the chaos of his confusion, like a life preserver appearing on a desert sea, come Ann's counsel: "If they get uppity, smile at them—" That was easy. He could have hugged Ann. He drew himself together, flashed his wonderful smile, tipped his hat and continued on his way.

His back burned, his shoulders itched to turn, but he preserved a straight forward nonchalance that matched his careful smile. Not until he was in his cage would he permit his eyes to stray to where the momentous interruption had occurred. The Starr men had moved from the spot, but Roger saw them almost instantly—in the center of the banking room. Jerome was arguing, and while David Starr appeared to listen, thumbs thrust carelessly in the outside pockets of his coat, his immobile eyes were roving—in a barely perceptible way—down the long lines of glass cages. They came to rest on Roger Trent.

Roger held his breath, then smiled friendlily and started to work with feverish zeal, trying to decide through the blur of green bills whether David Starr had given recognition to his smile, or if he only fancied so.

At twenty minutes past two, he received a brief notice to present himself in the office of David Starr.

A peculiar sense of unreality assailed him as he passed into the interior of the spacious suite. The secretary appeared to be expecting him and indicated David Starr's private office.

He could feel his heart thump as he paused outside the plain ebony door; two more had been fired this week. Resolutely, he made up his mind not to care; there were other banks. He knocked and was admitted by a meticulously groomed negro, whom he recognized as David Starr's personal attendant, to the room Mark Starr had made famous as the "throne room of Mt. Jovite."

The attendant placed a chair for him and announced that, "Mistah Stahh would be at liberty in a shawt while."

He disappeared and Roger's sense of unreality assailed him double fold. He had been in this room once before—the time he had asked Mark Starr for a loan. He had been too worried then to take in more than a glimpse of its elegance. But now he was struck with profound deference for it; it was so abrupt a change from the white marble interior of the bank. And impressive.

Paneled the entire height in Circassian walnut, the lower part was wainscotted to a depth of five feet with narrow strips of ebony between panels, having inserts of bronze at the top. The open fireplace, low and wide—in which a blazing log sputtered cheerfully—was surmounted by a mantelpiece of carved solid ebony above which hung an English hunting scene with a predominatingly red note. The ceiling was reminiscent of an old Jacobean house, while over the floor was thrown a rare Oriental rug in dull reds against a rich black background. The deeply cushioned chairs and the sofa, set opposite the fireplace in a recess, were upholstered in leather of the same dull red, and the identical note was carried in the velvet drapes. At the head of a massive carved table of satin ebony was a fine wing-backed chair—Mark Starr's throne.

David Starr came out of the private lavatory, the attendant brushing at imaginary particles of dust on his immaculate shoulders. Roger rose. The attendant pulled out the wing-backed chair and slipped it into place as Starr sat down, dismissing him with a wave of his hand, while he turned his attention to Roger. His eyes traveled coolly down Roger's long, well proportioned body, taking in the broad shoulders, the slim waistline, the natural grace with which he stood —respectfully waiting. They noted the well-shaped head, the smooth wave, the sensitive mouth, the startling blueness of his vivid eyes—and his clothes.

"Trent, I believe," he said, locking his fingers together.

"Yes sir," Roger answered, and he smiled unconsciously. It was like the flash of silver fish on a calm sea.

Starr waved a hand, indicating a chair nearer him. "Sit down."

Roger came forward and sat down. And waited.

"That's a good suit you're wearing," was Starr's surprising remark.

"Yes, it is."

"Pite," said Starr. "Who's your tailor?"

"Belk."

"Belk?" Starr lifted an eyebrow. "He's my tailor. Pretty nifty for a bank teller, aren't you?"

Roger's face burned. He railed inwardly against a situation which gave a stranger the power to pry vulgarly into one's private expenditures.

"I prefer two good suits a year," he said stiffly, "made by a tailor who knows his business, to four cheap ones that look it."

"Good sense," said Starr approvingly.

Roger's irritation collapsed like a punctured balloon. He breathed easier.

"Good sense, Trent," Starr repeated.

Roger could have told him that it was Ann's idea, that Ann could not bear to see his handsome physique encased in cheap, bulging clothes; that Ann believed in fitting the frame to the picture. He could have told him also that Ann made all her own clothes and Babs' so that he might wear Belk-made suits. He did nothing of the sort, he said: "I've always thought so."

"Worked here long?"

"Ten years."

"In what capacity?"

Roger went over the various positions he had held. "—never worked anywhere else," he said in conclusion, with peculiar pride.

"Starr broken and trained, eh?" observed David Starr, pleased and a little amused at Roger's note of pride.

Roger nodded, taking an immediate liking to the phrase. This David Starr wasn't half bad.

"Starr broken and trained," repeated David Starr musingly. "Know the business pretty well, don't you?"

Roger modestly agreed that he did, smiling with Starr over the admission.

"Married?"

"Ten years." He supplied, unasked: "One child—a girl, nine."

"Started early, didn't you?"

"Soon as I got a job."

"Have a cigar." Starr pushed the carved teakwood box—Mark Starr's—toward him. Roger took one with a murmured "Thanks" and put it in his pocket, and sat silent while David Starr lighted his.

"Trent," Starr said matter-of-factly, when that rite had been performed, "my uncle was all right for his generation, but things are changing. I want an up and coming organization here; the bank has to keep up with the times."

Roger might have told him that the bank could not be improved

(Continued on Page 18)

No Matter What Your Age No Need Now to Have

Gray Hair

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WHY endure the handicap of Gray Hair? Just comb Kolor-Bak through your hair and watch the gray disappear. Kolor-Bak is a clean, colorless, scientific liquid that imparts youth, beauty and color and leaves the hair lustrous and full of life. The one bottle does for blonde, auburn, brown, black. Already hundreds of thousands of women and men have used it.

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WHAT to feed the family is regularly answered in The American Weekly on next to the last page.

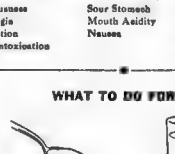
ACID STOMACH EASY NOW TO CORRECT

Just Do One Thing—That's All

THE SIGNS OF ACID STOMACH

Nervousness	Sour Stomach	Loss of Appetite
Neuralgia	Mouth Acidity	Frequent Headaches
Indigestion	Nausea	Feeling of Weakness
Auto-intoxication		Sleeplessness

WHAT TO DO FOR IT



TAKE—2 teaspoonfuls of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia in a glass of water every morning when you get up. Take another teaspoonful thirty minutes after eating. And another before you go to bed.

According to many authorities, some 80% of the people of today have acid stomach. This because so many foods, comprising the modern diet, are acid forming foods.

It usually makes itself felt in headaches, nausea, "gas," "biliousness," and most frequently in stomach pains that come about thirty minutes after eating. So you can easily tell if you have it.

Now Quickly and Easily Corrected

If you do have acid stomach, don't worry about it. You can correct it in a very simple manner. Just do this. It will *alkalize* your acid soaked stomach almost immediately. You will feel like another person.

TAKE—2 teaspoonfuls of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia with a glass of water every morning when you get up. Take another teaspoonful thirty minutes after eating. And another before you go to bed.

What This Does

That's all you do. But you do it regularly, EVERY DAY, so long as you have any symptoms of distress.

This acts to neutralize the stomach acids that foster your "upset" stomach, that invite headaches and that feeling of lassitude and lost energy.

Try it. Results will amaze you. Your head will be clear. You'll forget you have a stomach.

BUT—be careful that you get REAL milk of magnesia when you buy; genuine PHILLIPS' Milk of Magnesia. See that the name "Phillips" is stamped clearly on the label.

ALSO IN TABLET FORM:

Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Tablets are now on sale at drug stores everywhere. Each dose tablet is the equivalent of a teaspoonful of Genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia.

PHILLIPS' Milk of Magnesia

Neutralizes Food and Tobacco Acids a few minutes after taking.

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You'll do it better on *DATED* coffee

Science says coffee is a wonderful stimulant. Drink it to sharpen your wits as well as to pep up your muscles. But never drink *stale* coffee.

IT'S the fast-moving, mentally quick, peppy people who drink most coffee. They frankly use coffee as a stimulant.

Yet some of us actually don't dare to take more than one cup! Must we deprive ourselves?

No, says science . . . If you are a normal, healthy grown-up, you can drink as many as 5 cups a day of *fresh* coffee, without bad effects.

But *stale* coffee contains nearly half a cup of rancid oil to every pound. You can easily get indigestion or "nerves" or sleeplessness from *stale* coffee.

No wonder Chase & Sanborn instituted *Dated* Coffee.

With the date of delivery to your grocer on every pound. And no can allowed to stay on his shelf longer than 10 days. Chase & Sanborn's *Dated* Coffee is always fresh—and rich and delicious in flavor.

Order Chase & Sanborn's *Dated* Coffee tomorrow.

Science shows that the normal, healthy grown-up can drink 5 cups a day of fresh coffee and enjoy its toning, stimulating effect without the slightest harm.

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Step into this new 1933 model Ardmore and get the thrill of zipping into fine fashion. Tailored in the Paris manner. $1

A. STEIN & COMPANY
Chicago
New York

No Stein — No Pull
Greater Comfort — Longer Wear

Ardmore
New Suspender Style by
PARIS
Made in U.S.A.

BIG TIME

By Rae Chadwell

(Continued from Page 16)

upon, that the Starr Trust Company was an institution to be emulated in banking circles. He could have told him that it was a man's ideal materialized. But he did not. Roger recognized a delicate situation; he must agree with this new head, yet he must say nothing that would reflect on Mark Starr. He said noncommittally, "The war made a big difference in everything."

He thought he detected a transient twinkle in Starr's eye, but it evaporated too soon to be sure.

"I think, Trent," said the man in the wing-backed chair, "you could handle a better position."

Roger was jerked erect by this announcement. His surprise overwhelmed him; he stammered out words of gratitude.

Starr waved him to a stop, pleased, none the less, by his manifestation.

"That'll be all today, but I'll see you the first of the week."

When he was gone, David Starr wrote in a little red book: ROGER TRENT—PERSONALITY.

Roger smiled foolishly all the way back to his cage. He was excited, and slightly delirious, and bursting to tell the news.

"Hiey, Tyler—" he called through the glass partition.

Tyler frowned at him over a pack of bills and waved for quiet.

Roger smiled comedy Wait till Tyler heard Suddenly he took on importance in his own eyes. There must be something about himself to command attention; Tyler had been with the bank even longer than he had. Guess, after all, he'd better not tell Tyler yet

It was then he remembered the suit. He looked down at it; it was a good suit. He patted it intimately as if it were a friendly minister to his needs. He caught it by the lapels and pulled it more firmly upon his shoulders. It paid to wear good clothes. A man never got anywhere unless he looked the part.

The thought of Ann intruded itself. It gave him an unpleasant twinge. He was reluctant in this moment of small triumph to part with any credit for it. Ann had merely confirmed his own idea. Nevertheless he had a magnanimous feeling toward Ann; he felt an urge to do something for her, to buy her something nice. He would. A bottle of that extravagant perfume she liked so well. He did.

Ann scolded him roundly for his extravagance, at the same time delightedly smelling at it, dancing around the room like a school girl. It touched Roger.

"Gee, Ann," he said, catapulting from the pose that had held him all afternoon, holding her hard against his chest, "you're going to have everything some day."

"Oh, Daddy," Ann crowed in ecstasy, "I knew you'd do it, I knew you had it in you."

And on April the 4th, 1924, Roger Trent was promoted to the position of assistant cashier of the Starr Trust Co. The newspapers carried his picture and a brief summary—dictated by David Starr, himself—of his ten years at the bank, headed:

Starr Product takes step upward

Ann clipped the notices from the paper, her eyes shining like twin stars in a blue night, while Roger looked on. She pasted them in an old scrap book, and there was resolve on her face as she carefully lettered the opposite page: Reserved.

CHAPTER III.

First Responsibility.

THE city of Mt. Jovite lies among the peaceful rolling hills of the Taunee Valley, which cradles in its bosom the lazily flowing Taunee River on its way to the mighty Ohio, thence to the sea.

For a hundred and fifty years its residents have been sturdy, home-loving people, treasuring traditions built slowly and securely on hard labor, honest dealing and stability of principle. Echoes of past leaders—sterling characters—live in the names of streets, parks and charitable institutions. Fast living, gay night life and wasteful luxury were foreign to the innate nature of these people.

But with the beginning of the twentieth century, with the advent of a whirlwind civilization stimulated by incredible inventions, promotion and growth, there entered into the solid citizenry of Mt. Jovite a new element. Power. Power born of money. And in its wake—high life, unscrupulousness and excitement seekers.

Mark Starr was the trail blazer of this invasion. It was no idle boast of his that the red and ebony room of the Starr Trust Company was the throne room of Mt. Jovite, for in his rise from delivery boy to man of millions he had indisputably thrust his capable fingers deep into the industrial life of the city, shaping Big Business to his will.

But be it said of Mark Starr, though he throttled invading industries and ruthlessly cast out dissenters against Starr rule, his own substitutions far exceeded in returns anything the foreign companies might have brought. The Carlton Iron Works was an example. The owners, flouting Starr opposition, moved on to the left bank of the Taunee. Before the end of the year stock of the company declined—in the face of full production—to a point where their credit was impaired. Frantic, they appealed to Starr, attempting to bargain with him, only to discover that he held all their outstanding stock. They fought. But in the end the Galton Iron Works passed into the hands of Mark Starr, and on the site rose the largest iron foundry in the state.

In 1924 when he breathed his last, though there were no streets nor parks nor charities named for him, beyond the bend in the Taunee River stood an immortal monument to his ceaseless interest—one that gave meat and drink to ten thousand workers, The Starr Steel Company. And across the river, flashing nightly his name in great winking electric lights was the implement factory that gave sustenance to six thousand more. And the iron foundry. And the light and power company. And the gas company. And throughout the city, smaller factories and warehouses—testimonials to his identification with progress in Mt. Jovite. And at the corner of Elm Boulevard and Wyandot Street, the pride of his possessions, The Starr Trust Company. There were other lanes of activity dominated by Starr rule; the city council, legislators, boards of directors—unlabeled, but efficiently functioning for Starr

Thus with his death, between sunset and dawn, a great city passed from the hands of a great man to one of small capability and great vanity.

David Starr's misfortune was that he was handsome. For he might, had he not been handicapped by colossal self-admiration, developed into the man he imagined himself to be. As it was, he was a finished dandy—a faultless fashion plate—with no vision, but a Napoleonic conceit.

His personal appearance was of grave concern to him.

He gave the impression of being taller than he was because of his erect carriage and determinedly upright shoulders, a conscious attempt to counteract the effect of his increasing girth. He was, at forty-eight—in spite of rigid dieting—a little fat. It gave him no end of worry. He abhorred violent exercise and in its stead drove his tailor to near-insanity by his insistence upon patterns and style that would camouflage his bulge at the belt line.

Otherwise he was completely satisfied with himself. Before his mirror, parting and reparting his hair with a gravity that was ludicrous, smoothing a stray eyebrow in place, dabbing concernedly at his jowls, at last viewing the whole from every angle contentedly, he told himself that few men had such a noble countenance. He was right. It was grotesque humor of Nature in giving to David Starr a noble countenance.

His eyes were large and gray, with sober reflections in their clear depths, his chin firm and square, his mouth determined, yet flexible—like that of a man whose passions are tempered with benignity, and his thick, unstreaked hair—his pride—a black shining helmet above a brow, in its noble proportions, worthy of a Pontifical Prelate. Nature, seeing, must have laughed often in her sleeve, for the soul of David Starr was small and picayunish.

His mode of life up to the time of Mark Starr's death, while it suited him in many ways, made him a prey to secret envies. As a Starr, lolling in Starr riches, enjoying Starr prestige, he longed for the thing he did not have—the power associated with the name. Of that Mark Starr never relinquished even in the smallest part while he lived. He held fast to both whip and reins and rode a high carriage down a lane of destiny set for the Starrs.

David Starr, in the unostentatious office of the Starr Steel Company, where he sat upon occasion to impress himself that he was a business executive really earning his fabulous sums accruing to him from Mark Starr interests, amused himself by dreaming of plans he would execute if he sat in the red and ebony room of the Starr Trust Company—plans that revolved around a constant centre: the aggrandizement of David Starr.

He could not understand his uncle's indifference to public praise, nor his positive dislike of show. Mark Starr's gruff explanation that it was a waste of valuable time irritated him. Why have money and power if not to make a show of it? He missed the point entirely that Mark Starr made his show at moments which counted in history. David Starr's mind was too little to grasp that. Instead he visualized himself, attended by satellites of an impressive number, making a grand entrance at the bank, at the directors' meetings, in public places. He could sense the hush when he appeared; he could distinctly imagine being pointed out by awed spectators—and admired. Always admired.

He was so far carried away by his imagination as to once suggest to his uncle that he fit up a replica of the oval and ebony room at the bank, for his office.

But Mark Starr, wise man that he was, though he provided bountifully for his nephew, kept them at a comfortable distance in his daily life. His business with them constituted instructions conveyed through subordinates. His personal contact was confined to social gatherings, and he got much joy out of the children of his dead brothers.

The magnate never guessed the conquest of empire that went on in the mind of his eldest nephew, closer to him because of the lesser difference in age. David was that. With a cunning worthy of his petty nature, he had only praise and agreement and ingratiating solicitude with any opinion advanced by the older man.

Jerome and Donald, younger and franker, suffered by contrast. They were, in the eyes of their uncle, young scalawags who had a lot to learn.

But he was not fooled as to the business ability of any of them, and having the good of the Starr fortune — his own hand - made product — at heart, he secured its future in fixed policies, stipulating rules governing disposition of any part of it; the violation of which or the contesting of his will constituted a forfeit of that one's share, to be divided equally between the remaining two, or in case of two dissenters, the whole to go to the remaining one.

Thus, though he was surprised to find himself actually in the position of power of which he had so long dreamed, David Starr detected immediately the warmwood in his cup. His power already curtailed considerably, from the hour of the reading of the will, a veritable Sword of Damocles was to hang over his head to the end of his days. For there was Jerome. David feared Jerome. Jerome, who grew more like Mark Starr every day; who, at thirty-two was beginning to show the same business acumen that his famous uncle had at that age. Jerome, who—married but a scant eighteen months—already had an heir to the vast interests. Yes, there was Jerome.

Donald, he figuratively waved aside. Donald, less like a Starr than any of them, lived easily; lightly; taking what each day brought with a laugh—poking good natured humor at David's and Jerome's obvious antagonisms. "What the hell," he said, "there's money enough to get forty more like us through life in high . . I'm satisfied."

"It's the principle of the thing," Jerome would retort broodingly, with vicious darts of his severe black eyes at David. "We were entitled to a third. It's an insult to our intelligence."

"Mine never developed to the point of recognizing ten million as an insult," Donald would come back, and Jerome would snort in disgust and walk out on them while David offered his usual lame contribution, "It was the old man's doings. I never expected it."

A wariness of Jerome set up in David. Jerome could be shrewd if he was of a mind to... He might, David said to himself, cook up a scheme to catch me off guard and make me forfeit my share without my knowing it. Or, he argued, studying Jerome's strategic advantages from every angle, become so powerful through influence at the bank or in political circles that he might, when Mark Starr's men had outgrown their rigid loyalty to the dead financier, through connivance, manage to break the will legally

He longed to ally Donald with himself, thereby gaining actual control of the power, but he knew that if Donald aligned himself with either of them, it would be with Jerome. Not merely because they were brothers, nor because their lesser portions was a common bond, but because Jerome had bossed, fought for and with his younger brother through all their days until a peculiar respect for Jerome was bred in Donald. And that, David admitted, made the power just about even. Perhaps, he sometimes thought, old Mark had known that all was not well and left him a half interest as protection against an overbalance of power. A wise old bird, was his conclusion.

However, he did not allow his fears to lessen his enjoyment of his new position. He would sit in Mark Starr's office with the door closed—alone—and gaze at the Jacobean ceiling; at the ebony inserts in the wainscoting; at the luxurious carpet; at the mantelpiece over which he had substituted for the hunting scene a portrait of Napoleon—and be quickened by the knowledge that this was his—this throne room of Mt. Jovite. He thought seriously at first of having a rostrum desk installed. It would be more impressive; but, he reluctantly decided, the room was too small for that . . . it would then get up, have Shelly (his attendant) brush him off and smooth his clothes carefully in place, then stroll through the banking room, one hand behind his back, the other across his chest hooked carelessly inside his coat—a semi-conscious imitation of his god—and gaze importantly about. Atlas, in all the glory of a duty well performed, could not have looked quite so necessary to the universe.

He was making a desperate effort to let it all sink in, to drain the last atom of thrill from this once coveted position. The great industrial plants on the banks of the Taunee were all right. He had a proper respect for them as a source of income. But they smacked of unimaginative commercialism. For personal adornment, this bank—the romantic grandeur, the magnificence of it —was to him the perfect setting for a perfect jewel. It was princely.

Satisfied for the moment, he would go unhurriedly back to the king seat of his chimerical kingdom, there to ring for his secretary and gaze appraisingly at her generous expanse of silken clad legs while she took a letter—often unimportant, to be tossed into the wast-basket as likely as not after she left the room.

He fired many of the older men at the bank, particularly those over-loyal to Mark Starr. Donald complained of this; not to David, but to Jerome. "A fine reward for long and faithful service," he said disgustedly.

"We'll look into this," Jerome said, pouncing upon the idea.

"We?" Donald laughed lazily. "I've got a new speed boat to try out today." Donald might recognize injustice, but active interference, except for personal gain, was not in him. Like the tuned motor of an airplane in flight, Donald pursued a winged way through life in unhampered freedom.

"I'll tackle the old fake myself," declared Jerome. But not from any sentiment he had for the old men; simply because it afforded an opportunity to pick flaws with his high riding cousin.

It was of that David and Jerome were arguing when David, having had enough of Jerome's insolence, burst out of his office in Roger Trent's path.

(Continued on Page 20)

SON: I dread damp weather, mother. My muscles pain me so.

MOTHER: Fiddlesticks, son. Rub on Musterole. It's a "counter-irritant," and knocks the stuffings out of soreness.

SON: What's "counter-irritant" mean?

MOTHER: Doc Haggerty says it's something that penetrates, draws out pain.

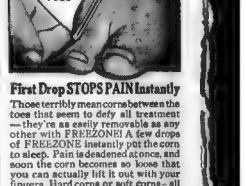
MUSCULAR RHEUMATIC PAINS?

Draw them out with a "counter-irritant"!

● Just like a mustard plaster, only lots better. Musterole won't blister, and isn't messy to use. Just rub this pure, white ointment on those aching parts, bringing ease in 5 minutes — relief in 5 hours. A famous soothing blend of mustard, camphor, menthol and other valuable ingredients, Musterole gets action because it's NOT just a salve. *It's a counter-irritant!* It penetrates, stimulates blood circulation, breaks congestion, draws out pain, infection. Used by millions for 20 years. Recommended by doctors, nurses. All druggists'.

New, Extra Strong MUSTEROLE—IN TUBE PACKAGES ONLY. Made especially for many severe or stubborn chest colds and acute muscular rheumatic aches and pains.

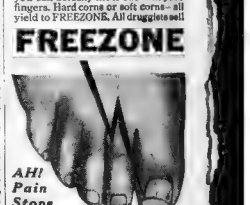
MUSTEROLE
BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER



First Drop STOPS PAIN Instantly

Those terribly mean corns between the toes that seem to defy all treatment —they're as easily removable as any other with FREEZONE! A few drops of FREEZONE instantly put the corn to sleep. Pain is deadened at once, and soon the corn becomes so loose that you can actually lift it out with your fingers. Hard corns or soft corns—all yield to FREEZONE. All druggists sell

FREEZONE



Ingrown Nail Turns Right Out!

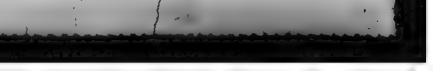
A few drops of "Outgro" in the crevice of the ingrowing nail reduces inflammation and pain and so toughens the tender, sensitive skin underneath the toe nail, that it can not penetrate the flesh, and the nail turns naturally outward almost over night.

"Outgro" is a harmless antiseptic manufactured for chiropodists. However, anyone can buy from the drug store a tiny bottle containing directions.

"I wanted a clearer, lovelier COMPLEXION—

I tried the Soap the Screen Stars use, and now..."

Mrs. Jack Penninger
CHICAGO, ILL.
housewife
says..
"A friend and I were looking through a magazine and we noticed a Lux Toilet Soap ad
"Let's each try it and see if friend husband will notice any improvement in our skin.'
"At the next party, her Georgia raved about her smooth skin and my Jack said I looked younger."
Marion Ayars
PHILADELPHIA
college girl
says..
"We girls are just crazy about the movies. If we had a chance, we'd go to Hollywood if we had to walk.
"We take any beauty hint we get from movie stars—especially when they tell their complexion secret.
"Lux Toilet Soap sure works wonders! The boys say a skin like mine ought to knock down a contract."
Bette Davis
Anita Page
lovely screen stars
say..
"I use Lux Toilet Soap every day and that keeps my skin smooth and soft as can be."
"I've discovered that daily use of this beauty soap actually makes my skin young-looking."
LUX TOILET SOAP
9 out of 10 Screen Stars use LUX Toilet Soap
Of the 694 important Hollywood actresses, including all stars, actually 606 use fragrant, white Lux Toilet Soap. It is the official soap in all the large film studios. Begin today to use it regularly. Make your skin clearer, lovelier!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WHITE PERFUMED
DEPILATORY CREAM
GIANT TUBE
As delightful as your choicest cold cream. Removes every vestige of hair. Simply spread on and rinse off. Madame Berthé, Specialist
Also ask dealer for ZIP Epilator, formerly $5.00, now $1.00
ZIP EPILATOR—IT'S OFF because IT'S OUT
PERMANENTLY DESTROYS HAIR

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The SHELVADOR

U. S. PATENT No. 1,898,922

An exclusive patented feature of the

New CROSLEY Electric REFRIGERATOR

See at a glance the wonderful convenience of the SHELVADOR!

Just open the door . . and THERE it is! Here in a nutshell you have the newest and most important improvement in refrigerators since the invention of the ice box.

Now . . no more reaching . . no more searching for the many little things that, in ordinary ice boxes, are so hard to find! No more disarranging of everything . . no more sleeves dragged through butter . . no more foods leaking through the shelves. Think of the time saved . . think of the increased "usable" capacity of the New Crosley Electric Refrigerators with Shelvador.

Shelvador actually gives the Crosley Electric Refrigerators greater capacity than their ratings indicate by increasing their "usable" capacity. Try to put everything that goes into Shelvador on the shelves of an ordinary refrigerator, and you'll be amazed. An orange takes as much "shelf room" in the ordinary ice box as a bottle of milk. In Shelvador it takes only the space of an orange.

ONLY CROSLEY OFFERS IT!

Only Crosley Electric Refrigerators can use the Shelvador, for it is an exclusive patented Crosley feature. To buy a refrigerator without Shelvador is to deny yourself a great convenience and time-saver as well as to buy something already out-dated. When you see it you will realize that you ought to replace your present refrigerator.

The added convenience of Shelvador costs you nothing. Even if the New Crosley Electric Refrigerators did not have this feature, they would still be the world's outstanding refrigerator values at the new low prices. With Shelvador, Crosley Electric Refrigerators go so far beyond ordinary values that there is nothing with which to compare them. They are famous for trouble-free operation, quietness, and convenience. No better refrigerators can be bought at any price.

Three sizes to meet every home requirement . . each size with more "usable" space because of Shelvador. And remember . . insulation is not sacrificed in the Shelvador . . the exterior of the door is extended to permit the use of a standard thickness of insulation.

See your Crosley dealer. Study Shelvador. Instantly you will see its advantages. Instantly you will realize how annoying and unnecessary it is to have electric refrigeration without Shelvador.

MODEL D-35
NET Contents—3½ cubic feet
Shelf Area—8 square feet
OVERALL DIMENSIONS
Height 50¼" Depth 24"
Width 23¾" Leg Height 10¼"

MODEL D-45
NET Contents—4½ cubic feet
Shelf Area—10.6 square feet
OVERALL DIMENSIONS
Height 56¼" Depth 24"
Width 23¾" Leg Height 10¼"

MODEL D-60
NET Contents—6 cubic feet
Shelf Area—11.5 square feet
OVERALL DIMENSIONS
Height 57¼" Depth 25¼"
Width 29½" Leg Height 10¼"

ALL PRICES INCLUDE DELIVERY, INSTALLATION, ONE YEAR FREE SERVICE

THE CROSLEY RADIO CORPORATION . . . CINCINNATI, O.

Pioneer Manufacturers of Radio Receiving Sets

POWEL CROSLEY, Jr., *President* — Home of *"the Nation's Station"*—WLW

CROSLEY Electric REFRIGERATOR WITH SHELVADOR

U. S. PATENT No. 1,898,922

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Room Talking Machine Co., Union Park St.
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Room Talking Machine Co., Massachusetts Ave.

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MEDFORD
J. E. Maxwell & Son, 11 Riverside Ave.

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The Cottenham Elec. Co., 396 Main St.
Nab Radio Store, 282 Asylum St.
Barrett-Pratt St. Edwe. Co., 549 Park St.

BRISTOL
Dayal Rest., 15 Divinity St.
Tonal Bros., 1 Divinity St.

COLLINSVILLE
E. J. Smith Revs. Co.

COLUMBIA
E. A. Standish

CLINTON
Clinton Lumber & Coal Co.

CROMWELL
A. E. Kennedy

ELMWOOD
Elmwood Revs. & Supply Co., 1048 New Britain Ave.

HADLYME
George Nagel

MANCHESTER
Pagani Bros., 102 No. Main St.

MIDDLETOWN
Smith's Forest City Radio, 117 S. Main St.

NEW BRITAIN
Erickson & Carlson, 875 Main St.

NEWINGTON
Bendil's Wayside Furn. Store, Berlin Turnpike

OLD LYME
Bartder's Garage

ROCKY HILL
Chester T. Wells

SIMSBURY
Bell Revs., Inc.

SOUTH LYME
The Reserves Co.

THOMPSON
Angus A. Reynolds

THOMPSONVILLE
F. Bertin, 32 Pearl St.

WEST CORNWALL
Geo. B. Cochrane

TORRINGTON
N. F. Tobeon, 39 Water St.

WEST GRANBY
George Beaman

WEST HARTFORD
E. A. Sorbel, 1378 Boulevard

WINDSOR
Radio Shop, 21 Central St.

WINDSOR LOCKS
Donovor & Leary, 21 Main St.

WINSTED
W. E. Bushnell, 71 Main St.

PROVIDENCE ELECTRIC CO., *Dist.*

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PROVIDENCE
Hotman Battery Co., 143 Broadway
CHAPVILLE
M. Bennett
E. GREENWICH
F. Hoffman, 400 Main St.
MAPLEVILLE
Tritunan Garage
PAWCOAG
Rhode Radio Co., PAWTUCKET
Shor Service Co., 21 Broadway
WARWICK
J. B. Archambault

MASSACHUSETTS
FALL RIVER
Ideal Radio Co., 14 Pleasant St.
R. A. McWhirr, Main St.
Rhogers Electric Co., 254 Pleasant St.

NEW BEDFORD
Stanton & Co., 575 Pleasant St.
TAUNTON
Carl Gardner, 240 Bay St.
St. Off Storage Sales Co., 47 Cohannet St.

BIG TIME

By Rae Chadwell

(Continued from Page 18)

"There, if you want to fire something, fire that," barked Jerome, indicating Roger's disappearing back after his confused apology ending with a wholesome smile. "Site over there in his cage like a clothing ad. Wouldn't be surprised if his accounts were all crooked; take a look at his clothes."

Nothing could have worked more favorably for Roger. Any definite stand taken by Jerome unconsciously inspired David to assume an opposite attitude. His attack upon Roger created in him an acute interest in that young man. He felt a sudden urge to champion him. Especially since Jerome called attention to his clothes—a sly dig at himself, he interpreted it; Donald and Jerome had always jeered his over-fastidiousness in dress. Roger's apparent regard for clothes tapped a responsive chord in him. Besides, he liked the man's smile.

With growing perversity, as Jerome continued his harangue—and hearkening to him with only half attention—David moved to the center of the lobby and made a mental note of Roger's cage number.

It had been a happy chance, he thought later, as Roger courteously answered his questions. The fellow was likable.

It was only after Roger had left his office that the germ of a bold plan was bred—born of his own careless remark. "Starr broken and trained—" Why not a finished Starr product? Molded by himself.

His announcement to Roger that he thought he could handle a better position had been made because Roger pleased him, and because he wanted to exercise his authority—and because it might irritate Jerome. Now the thought of experimenting with a human being pervaded him with a sense of his power. It whetted his appetite, sharpened his longing to "show these wise guys of Mark's a thing or two." He lit a cigar and speculated through half closed lids on the idea. It got better as he thought of it. It was a good idea. It was a fine idea. Trent had looks. He had personality. He'd be great on parade—while men pointed him out with the remark, "Dave Starr made him."

It would be a satisfaction to invest him gradually with authority. Yes, a lot of satisfaction, he thought emphatically as he visualized Jerome's chagrin. He smiled broadly. It had just occurred to him that the fellow was about Jerome's age. It was a swell idea. Besides—this was an afterthought, but it crystallized his decision—Trent knew banking. He would set him to watch Jerome, to frustrate any tricks Jerome might try.

He walked out to the banking room and took a second look at the man whom he was heading for the stars. He had made a good choice. There was no telling how far the fellow might go if he proved susceptible—and obedient.

In the ensuing days Roger Trent was called often to David Starr's office. He couldn't believe that this was actually happening to him. He was dumfounded. Dazed. Hardly able to contain himself at his good fortune. And David Starr missed none of it.

Good, he thought, he will go far.

The day following Roger's promotion Starr sat in his office contemplating with satisfaction the cool unperturbed eyes of Napoleon over the mantel. He shifted slightly in the wing-backed chair to assume a more kindred pose. Yes, they had gone far.

There was a knock at the door, timid—and repeated, unlike the firm, respectful knock of an employe. He frowned, drew some papers importantly before him and said, "Come in."

The door admitted a diffident, hesitant creature whose attitude suggested a draggled kitten taking refuge in a doubtful doorway. Not that she looked draggled in any way. To the contrary, she was hung with an assortment of expensive but poorly chosen clothes, and exuded a faint perfume of violets in the air. But her manner of being ready for flight gave one the impression.

A more unlikely person for the wife of the preening peacock, David Starr, could not be imagined. She was angular, about forty-six, but looked older because of graying drab hair that pressed out from under her hat, and folds of skin that flapped loosely on her thin neck. She wore spectacles from which hung a black ribbon attached inside her coat, and had a white powdered look on her elongated face. Her blue-veined fingers clutched and unclutched spasmodically a pair of gloves and a large bead bag. It was hard to believe that Mabel Starr had been the choice of the dandy, David Starr. But it must be offered that there were few girls in Mt. Jovite in 1908 of a correct social position for the rising Starrs.

"Why, Mabel!"

The high priest of Mt. Jovite banking swept the papers impetuously aside in vexation and dropped his pose. He slumped in his chair, thrusting his head slightly forward, and demanded, "What are you doing here?"

Mabel Starr advanced uncertainly toward her husband's desk. Being the wife of a little Napoleon had made her anything but a Josephine—except in one respect; they had no children.

"I wouldn't have come if it hadn't been important," she said plaintively, watching his face with anxious eyes.

"Well?"

"You accepted a dinner invitation for this evening."

"You could have spared yourself the trouble of this visit by telephoning," he said coldly. "Your presence doesn't inspire me to change my mind about such matters."

Mabel took a step toward him imploringly. "You've always done as you pleased—ignored invitations, ignored my own parties. But things are different now. You're head of the Starr interests—what you do means something. Our social future depends upon tonight—"

"Pah!" he said impatiently. "We've gone through this often enough before. I've told you—" he stopped.

Mabel had put one hand over her heart and was groping her way to the fireplace. "I tell you, David,", she cried out, "I've stood everything from you. Everything! Oh, don't think I don't know where you'll be tonight," she said scornfully, then pressed her lips into a hard, thin line, all life sapped from her as if she realized she had said too much. She caught the mantelpiece and clung hard to it for support.

David, who had risen, turned his back on her in disgust and anger. His wife had two obsessions. Her ailments—which she called up at will to ward off scenes with him; usually a clutch at her heart, accompanied by a desperate gasping for breath, sent him flying from her presence wishing to heaven that something was the matter with her. (She had him cornered this time.) Her other was to become established in Molly Fife's set in order to wrest from her her securely entrenched position as the recognized social leader of Mt. Jovite. It was the reason, he maintained, that she stoically ignored his neglect of her. As his wife, particularly since he had come into power, she would sit in the seat of the mighty. He did not begrudge her that, but he refused to be bored by the stiff, oldish set that constituted her circle.

"Why don't you consult me before making such engagements?" he exploded.

"You fool!" she said, a momentary spark giving her courage to defy him. "Don't you think I would if I could have? It was Molly Fife. The Governor stopped unexpectedly in the city today; she's having him to dinner." Her eyes sharpened with unexpected fire. "Do you want people to say that the Governor was entertained at a dinner by the Fifes and the head of the Starr Trust Company was not present?"

His vulnerable spot. Anything that decried the power of Dave Starr! Unthinkable!

"Well, for once you used sense," he said, settling slowly into his chair. He rested his arms slightly on the table, balancing a paper weight in one hand... The Governor... The full force of what Mark Starr's death meant to him came to him in that moment... "Yes, you used sense," he declared in a musing tone. "You can go home now."

Mabel Starr's feathers drooped again wearily. She looked with faded hope toward her husband—once—then went out, slipping unobtrusively through the high vaulted lobby.

Starr rang for his secretary and ordered her to get Madame Le Beouf's Parisian Shop on the phone; he then motioned the girl away and gave instructions; the loveliest negligee in the shop, a large bottle of expensive perfume, a piece of jewelry to match the negligee. All to be done up in satin tissue with a corsage of real gardenias in the bow and hurried to his office at once.

He sent for Roger Trent. His eyes were as cool and as calculating as Napoleon's, and as unreadable, while he studied anew this assistant cashier he had so recently made.

"Sit down," he said at length. Roger obeyed.

"Trent, can I trust you to be discreet in all matters?"

"Absolutely."

"Of course—upon your discretion depends your future."

Roger moved uneasily. "Yes, sir."

"I have a delicate piece of work for you to do."

"I'll do my best, sir."

"I'm in a difficult position. I have an engagement I cannot fulfil." He shifted restlessly in his chair. "I've always looked after this sort of thing, myself—but I'm not up to it tonight—this was to be something special. I can't telephone excuses, I had to be called away suddenly—I had no time. Do you—understand?"

"I think I do, sir."

"I want you to take this gift and appear there about five o'clock and explain that I was called out of the city in an emergency—on business. It's important, Trent, that she believe you."

"I'll see to that, sir," Roger said, overwhelmed by the confidence so unexpectedly placed in him. "Shall I say the bank examiner called you into conference concerning the branch system you're about to open throughout the state?"

Starr was pleased with this excuse he hadn't been able to think up.

"You really use your head, Trent," he said approvingly. "Take a couple of cigars."

CHAPTER IV.

Tiffany Darrel.

OXFORD ARMS, Roger read above the stately stone entrance that dignified the exclusive apartment building, august in its simplicity. He parked his car in the court and took the private elevator, according to instructions, up to apartment 21 on the fifth floor.

"Tiffany Darrel," he repeated to himself.

He rang the bell and was told in a low contralto voice to come in. He hesitated, wondering if he should obey, or if he should announce himself through the closed door; no doubt she was expecting Starr. He decided to go in, and turned the knob to find himself in a low-ceilinged vestibule from which three concave steps led upward. He removed his hat and coat, placing them on the window seat overlooking the court, and with the package under his arm proceeded up the steps.

He paused in the entrance to a circular room of futuristic feeling. Modulated silver tones with sharp black onyx design was the note of the walls. Recessed nooks, occupied by divans of black velvet shot with silver, broke the severity of line. More divans, a chaise longue beside a smoker and chairs of unique shape carried out the mood. Head-high exotic vases, a grand piano hung with a bright drape, and the lamps—already lit though it was not more than five-thirty—contributed the relieving note of color. On the floor was a circular rug of deep pile, black with a border of dull-blue and rose on black.

Roger was surprised to see no one about and gave himself over to amazed wonder and admiration.

"Well; and who are you?"

He was startled out of his pleasurable inspection and turned to the sound. In a room to the right, two steps down through wide doors, and one he now saw might be entered from the vestibule, stood a woman. She had not moved since his arrival, evidently, for she still held slightly apart the curtains of the window through which she had been looking, and was regarding him with curious eyes.

"I'm Roger Trent," he said, taken aback by her unruffled acceptance of him.

She made no motion to leave her window, and gave no signal as to what he should do, but simply stood with her eyes upon him—analytically, he could have sworn. He ceased to think of himself but devoured the unusual loveliness of the woman before him. He had never seen her like. She was tall, almost as tall as himself, he guessed, and slender with small firm breasts that pointed with distracting conspicuousness under a glamorous rose velvet dress drawn around her more in semblance of a drape than a costume. There were bands of gold on the flared cuffs of the long, tight-fitting sleeves and a band of the same gold on the flared collar at the back. Her neck emerged, round and white, like a slender column against its rose background. The skirt parted high in folds near the knee in front and trailed away in a long train. On her feet were rhinestone beaded slippers of rose velvet. Smooth undulating waves of hair matched the gold bands with incredible fidelity.

It penetrated to his mind that he was looking into her eyes, had been for eternities, it seemed, as he struggled back to his surroundings through those eyes. Long blue eyes. Sea blue. Like the waters off shore on a clear day. Her lashes curved around them and swept upward like two tiny black fans. She was smiling—amusedly—and her lips were red and rougish. Tiffany, he thought, Tiffany. It suits her.

"I belong to today," she said pleasantly. "'Tis only a costume for a masked ball."

"Oh ..." So that was the something special. Roger suddenly appreciated Dave Starr's precipitate "departure" from the city.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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THE FAKIR'S BASKET TRICK

ILLUSION:
A boy is bound up in a net and thrust into a small basket. Seizing a sword the fakir plunges it into the basket, drawing it out dripping with blood. He jumps up and down in the basket as proof that it is *empty!* The boy then steps out of the basket, smiling and unhurt.

EXPLANATION:
The cord which unites the net is in the boy's hand from the first. For the sword-and-jumping act the supple young man curls around the side of the basket. When the sword is stabbed in he guides it past himself. The "blood" is produced by a mechanical device in the sword hilt.

Source: Illustrated Magic, by Otto Arthur Fox, late principal magician of The Horse Marines, and Fulton Oursler, of Thurston Company, New York.

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CAMELS

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Blind-Man's-Buff

By Florence Ryerson and Colin Clements

(Continued from Page 14)

think I'd been drinking. No; that's not the truth." He squared his thin shoulders and drew his weak mouth into a firmer line. For one instant I seemed to glimpse the man he might have been. "The reason I didn't say anything was because I thought you'd all figure I was going mad."

"How did you feel about it yourself?" Jimmy asked, and Lee looked at him with tragic eyes.

"I thought—I thought perhaps I was going mad. But after what happened last night, I've been wondering...."

CHAPTER XVII.

We Look for Poison.

THE remainder of the evening was spent in a nightmare discussion in which a hundred theories were advanced, only to be abandoned, and wild surmise seemed as credible as sober reasoning. When Jimmy found the conference degenerating into hysteria, he brought it to an abrupt end by asking all the members of the family to find and give up any weapons that they might possess.

Pistols, guns, and even pocket knives were locked into the chest in our room, with the exception of two small revolvers which were kept for protection in case of need. In the meantime, Mark and I searched the house for anything which might have been overlooked, or deliberately retained. We discovered only a few kitchen knives, of doubtful sharpness and an old-fashioned razor in Harker's room, which he surrendered with much grumbling.

Upon our return, Jimmy called the doctor into the library. "Look here," he said abruptly, "you told us the other evening that if any member of the family was guilty of this murder he had only to come to you and you would give him something to put him to sleep. From that I take it that there is poison in your possession."

"There's a certain amount of it, yes. As we are frequently cut off from the mainland by these storms, I always try to keep a complete stock of drugs in the medicine chest. Then, of course, I have the usual assortment in my case: morphine, chloroform, various antiseptics...."

"My word," Jimmy groaned, "enough to polish off a regiment. Will you go with him, Phil, and collect all the deadly drugs you can find?"

Mark and I cleared out the medicine chest, removing a few germicides, a can of cleaning fluid, and an arsenical face preparation of Connie's. Doug and Tony ranged about the house, seeking other dangerous chemicals. Doug, pleased as a child to be engaged in some activity which was physical rather than mental, collected a rare assortment of nail polish, varnish remover, and blacking, any one of which—he assured us—would prove fatal if taken in large quantities.

"So would water," Tony snapped. "It's called drowning." Before Doug could produce a suitable retort, Tony disappeared on to the screen porch and returned with a small, squat tin can, which seemed a most important find, for it was over half full of a commercial cyanide salts used by Harker for spraying the orchard trees.

Mark next brought his medical kit to the table in the upper hall, where we removed the morphine and two or three other lethal drugs. "How anyone in this family could have the special knowledge to use them, I can't see," he observed.

"There's a book on poisons in the library," I pointed out. "Half the household used it in writing their detective stories." Good manners prevented my adding that he himself possessed the necessary knowledge, but it was impossible to keep the thought out of my mind. It was also borne in upon me that we were forced to take his word for it when he said that he had turned over all of his poisons; then, there was that bottle of chloral that had disappeared after Sally's death, and, also, anyone might have taken a small quantity of cyanide from the can before Tony discovered it.

We locked all the drugs in the chest with the weapons, and, to prevent any possible entry without our knowledge, I sealed the edges with paper tape.

When I returned to the library I found Jimmy pacing the floor in gloomy meditation.

"I'm puzzled, Phil," he admitted, "blamed puzzled. The deeper we get into this affair, the murkier it grows. The more facts we learn, the worse off we find ourselves. Take this matter of insanity. You'd think that would prove a help. Instead, it's a complication. If we accept the theory that one of the Conroys has gone insane and is murdering the others, the search is narrowed down, it's true, but whom do we have on our list of suspects? Only three women, and Mark Dietrich, who strikes me as the least likely of the crowd."

"Why do you say that?" I asked with interest.

"Mark's the wrong type, I mean for our insanity theory, of course. If ever I saw a man who's basically and coldly sane, he is that man. Even if he were mad, I couldn't imagine him committing murder in this fantastic fashion. Could you?"

On second thought, I couldn't.

"That leaves us with Lucia, Judith, and Aunt Hagar."

"Unless we consider Lee," I suggested, and he nodded.

"You mean he murdered 'Berto, then wrote that threat against himself to turn suspicion in some other direction? It's possible, of course. On the face of it, the theory is more plausible than any other. But still . . . I'm not satisfied."

I knew what was troubling him, the memory of Lee's face, sick with horror and surprise, as he listened to the reading of that threat. He had seemed half-crazed with fear—or had it been only clever pretense?

"Hang it all!" Jimmy burst out suddenly. "Even the clews are no help. I've been studying that ridiculous Chapter Two, and it doesn't tell us a thing." It was the first time I had thought of the internal evidence contained in the paper itself, and I listened with interest as Jimmy lifted the yellow sheet from the desk. "This is the same sort of paper used for the other stories, so that doesn't help us. It was written on the old Remington in there." He nodded toward the door which opened into the stationery closet. "Somebody slipped down and did the typing this morning, after you and I had gone to bed."

"Are you sure?"

"Dead sure. I looked over the machine last night, and the keys were grimy. Since then, they've been carefully cleaned."

"To eliminate finger-prints?"

"Exactly." He returned to the paper. "This is very short, and could have been typed in five, ten minutes at the most. The walls of the closet are thick enough to prevent any sound reaching upstairs."

"How about the style," I asked, "does that indicate anything?"

"Nothing at all. It's obviously modeled on 'Berto's story, but done rather badly. Also, it's full of errors, both in punctuation and spelling. Which means either that it was typed by someone who is not in the habit of writing, or by someone who is deliberately disguising his proficiency."

"Or her proficiency?" I added, and he nodded gloomily.

"It's possible, of course. Anyone in the house might have gone into the living room tonight and put that paper on the table. Connie and Judith had the best opportunity, while we were in the dining room. Either Harker or Mrs. Prill could have slipped in through the rear passage. Since there was no one in the living room before dinner, almost any of the rest of the family could have put it there at that time."

"Lee was the first to come down, I remember."

"Yes; he could have done it. Or Aunt Hagar. It may even be her idea of a joke. The old cormorant seems capable of anything."

"Then you don't believe Lee is in any danger?"

"I can't believe he's in danger. It's too absurd. If you subtract the murderer, there are still ten of us left to watch over him. And even if there weren't, what possible power could persuade him to go up to the tomb?"

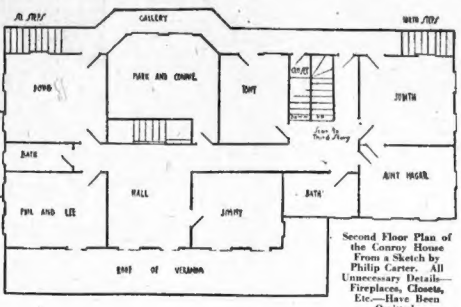
"None, of course."

Jimmy put his hands to his eyes and rose with a sigh of weariness. "In any case, I'm too tired to do any more thinking tonight. I'm going to send the family to bed, and keep watch over Lee."

"You'll do nothing of the sort," I told him firmly. "You've had less than two hours' sleep out of the last thirty-six and in ten minutes you'll collapse. I'll watch over Lee."

In the end he was forced to agree. It was arranged that Lee

(Continued on Page 22)



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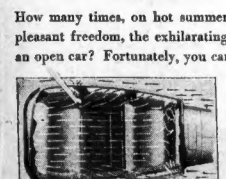

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By Lord Montagu's Daughter, Who Ran Away to Be a Chorus Girl

(Continued from Double Page)

smoothly on from the point of interruption to the end. But the audience shook its head and decided that it was too deep for them to understand.

And did we catch the devil? Our manager, pop-eyed with rage, lined us up. I remember his opening remark was:

"What are you all trying to do—bolshevik this play?"

He was so unpleasant about it that I decided never again to sleep in that scene and I didn't.

Joking is such a part of the stage that stage animals get that way. But when an animal plays a trick on one of other actors on the stage it frequently is welcome and the four-footed joker is encouraged to do it again, even if the show has to be written to fit it.

In "The Love Match," a good old-fashioned melodrama, there was a hunting scene in which I rode to hounds on a chestnut mare. There was never any fooling among the dogs, who had only to dash on stage, leap over one hedge and off the other side. The reason for this praiseworthy attention to keiness lay in the fact that their me and only meal of the day awited them over there.

With the excetion of the one I rode, all the horses cantered around on a revolving stage for two minutes. The was never any "horse-play" among them, either. But my horse being frivolous-minded, like most chestnuts, considered herself a sort of star and behaved lik one.

She was a clever old mare and seemed to take a delight in upsetting all the carefully received and prearranged plans th were made for the show to be spectacular.

The hedges, for instance were made of old orange boxes covered with green matting. My horse knew this just as well as I did and on one occasion deliberately cantered up for the jump, lifted her rear front leg, crashed it through the orange box and remained there bowing her head at the audience, obviously pleased at her little trick.

On another occasion she did a similar thing, but as it happened the fixed hoops at the stage were particularly old, and her foot went right through the stage. Over she rolled with me still mounted—luckily she didn't break her leg—and I, realizing what had happened, managed to land on my feet perfectly, opened wide my arms and bowed to the audience, bursting with laughter which I could not conceal.

The greatest of all animal jokers on stage was a little pony named "Tishy," after the great "Tishy." He happened to be on the same bill with two men who dressed as a horse, and among other things the man who played the front pair of legs did was to cross them. The pony, seeing this spurious animal in some clothes tering out of its dressing room, now pricked up his ears with some signs of apprehension. As soon as the human "horse" had shuffled onto the stage, "Tishy" insisted on going to the wings where he could watch the act. When the fake animal came off, the real one smelled it over and sniffed.

"He doesn't think much of your act," commented one of the actors.

"Don't you believe it," answered the man who played the hind legs. "He's jealous and going to steal some of our stuff."

That is just what happened. Next day, to the astonishment of the other actors and the delight of the audience, "Tishy" crossed his legs, just as the fake horse had done.

Nobody had asked him to do this. Could he be induced to do it again? His trainer thought the best way was to make no effort and just hope that because of the tremendous applause the smart little fellow would repeat of his own accord. He did and it became a regular part of the show.

In our play he invented various bits of "stage business" which were always accepted gratefully. One night in a moment when the leading woman was supposed to be plunged in deep meditation on a love problem, "Tishy" from behind reached up his hairy nose and kissed her on the cheek. The actress jumped a foot and the audience roared. Of course, that bit of comedy stayed in.

Seeing that it went over so big, "Tishy" began kissing other ladies in the cast. He got away with this promiscuous behavior because he used rare judgment, doing his kissing only at such times as it would not divert attention from the important action of the play. They did not have to rewrite for "Tishy." He was playwright as well as comedian. His owner said that he was convinced that the pony recognized the fake horse as a burlesque on his tribe and crossed his legs to show that he could take a joke.

At the conclusion of my first year "on the road," as they say in America, where we would say in England "touring the provinces," I returned to New York and soon found myself in my first "Follies" show. There I made the acquaintance of two beautiful and scintillating young stars, Marilyn Miller and Ann Pennington. They were then singing and dancing themselves to the topmost rung of the ladder of theatrical fame.

Marilyn Miller's voice had not then reached the full, rich tones which mark her appearances now, but she was praised by the critics as a fresh, bright, eager young singer bubbling over with that rare quality known as personality. Ann Pennington's fame then rested more than anything else on her beautiful knees, which were advertised as widely as Mistinguett's legs. Since then those knees have danced her to a position which would be solid and secure if her knees were as homely as the proverbial door knobs.

I used to stand in the wings and watch these budding young geniuses "do their stuff," and I feamed that some day I, too, would occupy the centre of an otherwise cleared stage, with all the spotlights playing on me alone, and the orchestra watching every movement of my face and body to effect that perfect symmetry between artist and musician which adds to the fame and glamor of the great stars.

When playing in a very daring revue, in which Valeska Suratt, a famous actress in those days, was playing a leading part, we used to go about a lot together, and must confess we enjoyed ourselves, possibly sometimes a little too well. In one particular scene each girl on the stage represented some flower. I was chosen to represent a lily for purity and innocence, and Valeska had to come on the stage and lecture all of us on the terrible consequences of loose nightlife and champagne.

Well, if there was one person in this world who ought not to lecture on night club life it was my dear friend Valeska, yet she used to reel off her lines with the utmost profundity and insistence. On one particular occasion, after we had been out at a party the previous night which had lasted till about 6:30 in the morning, Valeska made a special point in her lecture of looking towards me and pointing her finger at me in such a way that it was obvious to everyone that she was lecturing me and me only. This time I could not control myself. I broke down hopelessly, and so did she. However, the audience took the joke in good part, and neither of us got the sack.

Another rather famous woman in that particular show was Hasoutra, a classical dancer, who has since made a tremendous hit in Paris. In her particular scene she was painted all over in gold paint, and six other girls had to be painted in different colors, black, blue, orange, yellow, green and pink. I fear that they wore no other garment. The censor did his best to stop the scene, but was unsuccessful. I was commanded by the management to take part in this scene, but although I was loath to miss the extra ten dollars which it meant, I really could not bring myself to be dressed in paint only.

Broadminded as I am, it was lucky that the producer decided that I was too fat for the part, and that my curves would show up too much if I was painted in the color suggested. I was really very pleased about this decision, because I shared rooms with the girl who was painted orange. After the show had finished it took her three weeks of daily Turkish baths to get completely rid of the paint which had become engrained in her skin. On balance financially, she was very much out of pocket, for I should imagine she spent more money on the Turkish baths and lotions and other preparations for her skin than the extra money she had received for playing the part.

Waiters, like actors, cater to the public and they also like their practical jokes. The restaurant kitchen is as much a behind-the-scenes mystery to the diners as back stage is to the theatre audience. Actors must take anything in the way of boos, catcalls and hisses that the cash customers care to inflict. Waiters also are supposed to suffer without retaliation when their patrons insult them, but sometimes they don't, even though it costs them their job.

Some actors detest waiters and often the feeling is mutual. There was an actor in a show that had a long run in Chicago who, besides being a waiter-hater, was a skilful boxer. When this actor had a row with a particularly hunky waiter he would often invite the man to meet him in the nearest alley and have his head knocked off. When a formal invitation is offered in this way by a guest, a waiter may accept it without danger of being fired. This happened on two times, always with the same unfortunate result to the waiters, until finally there was so much talk about it in the kitchens that the waiting fraternity decided something ought to be done about it.

A fairly heavyweight prizefighter happened to be out of work in his chosen profession, due to having taken money to "lie down" in a fight. So the waiters in a restaurant popular with stage folk coached him in the art of laying food before consumers and making them like it and got him a job.

He did passably well because the other waiters helped him out and even the grouchy chef gave his orders special consideration, perhaps on account of his interest in fighting or from fear of "getting one on the jaw."

At last the glad day came when the boxing actor appeared in the restaurant again. The head waiter, who was in on the conspiracy, assigned the ex-prizefighter to his table. After that the rest was easy, the usual invitation was issued and accepted. There was the usual bout out in the alley, but this time the actor received the beating of his life.

It was coming to him, but the professional was unnecessarily cruel about it. Instead of putting him out of his misery with a neat knockout at the beginning, he delayed the final blow until he had first broken the actor's nose, blacked both eyes and battered him up so badly that he could not appear on the stage again for two weeks. The story of how he had been trapped got around in theatrical circles and it was decided that revenge was due. The waiter was still available, because he managed to continue in his job after completing the work for which he had really been hired. But who could be found to beat him up?

Just then, as if sent by Providence, our show came to town and in the cast was an actor and former professional heavyweight pugilist. He was unanimously chosen to play the part of avenger. However, it was not thought prudent to notify the actor of the honor because there would be no purse for this battle and he had retired from the ring.

Frank Tinney volunteered to manage the thing and he did with his usual luck and genius. It was no problem to arrange a party with the unsuspecting actor-fighter in the restaurant. The hard part lay in fooling the fighting waiter. To do this Tinney told the waiter beforehand that this was another actor who was good with his fists and liked to beat up honest waiters, and, therefore, ought to be taught a good lesson. His name he said was McGoogle and the waiter would have to be a bit provocative because this McGoogle person was to be married in a couple of days and might not want to chance carrying a black eye to the altar with him. The thought tickled the waiter.

"I'll give him a couple of shiners for a wedding present," he promised.

The success of the whole thing depended on whether someone would recognize the features of the former pugilist. As it happened, the man most concerned did not, though some of the other waiters did. But waiters love their practical jokes as much as actors and they did not tell him.

The pugilist-actor was a peaceable citizen like Gene Tunney. Such persons can afford to take an insult with a laugh because everyone knows it is not through fear. Also they have gotten the habit of not battling unless for a princely reward.

The actor's slowness to wrath was a problem, too, but Tinney stage-managed that also. He pretended to be annoyed that this particular waiter had been assigned to their table. Of course, this was the cue for one of the other actors to ask why. In turn this permitted Tinney and the others to relate what an outrageous bully the waiter was. As one after another contributed their yarns, all hands at the table became quite indignant as they waited for the orders to be brought.

Finally, after an inexcusable delay, they arrived, all wrong. In the argument that followed the actor-pugilist was astonished to hear himself called a liar and cheap-skate. He flushed a little but kept his temper and decided to eat what was given him. This, however, was not easy to do because there was a fly in the soup and a hair in the goulash.

It was evident that the temper of the man was simmering but he controlled it and talked about something else. Then the waiter stepped heavily upon his foot. He looked at the fellow from under his beetling brows and asked quietly:

"Did you have to do that, too?"

"Do you have to keep your big feet out in the road?" was the waiter's insulting challenge, looking the ex-pugilist in the eye, but his only reply was to put his feet for under the table, safely out of reach.

"All actors is yellow," observed the waiter as he turned away. But nothing happened until the waiter deliberately spilled a plate of salad, covered with yellow dressing, into the lap of the actor-pugilist.

He half rose from his chair, white with rage.

"You did that on purpose," he said.

"What of it?" answered the waiter. "That color wouldn't show on a ham like you."

At this the actor became calm again.

"Oh, wouldn't it?" he asked. "I understand that you make a business of beating up actors."

"Sure I do, when they stand up to me," said the waiter.

"All right, I'll see you outside."

This was a great joke on the prizefighter-waiter. But it was a mean trick on the actor, who was not as young as he used to be, and though always in good condition, was by no means in fighting trim. It was always dangerous to play around with Frank Tinney.

To Be Concluded Next Sunday.

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Blind-Man's-Buff

By Florence Ryerson and Colin Clements

(Continued from Page 21)

take Jimmy's bed in our room, which was at the front of the house; Jimmy moved into Tony's room, directly across the square central hall, while Tony took Lee's at the back.

Since it is important, in view of what happened later, I shall append a sketch of the second floor with the arrangement of sleeping quarters for that night. It will be seen that Doug's room was across the small hall from ours, with a bath in between. Mark and Connie were next to him, Tony slept beyond, and Judith was on the other side of the rear hall, with Aunt Hagar in the front bedroom at that end. All of the rear rooms looked out upon the gallery. Judith's, Tony's and Doug's had French doors, but Mark's room had no doors opening on the gallery, only two windows, a fact which made a grim difference later on. Lucia and Mrs. Prill slept on the third floor, and Henry Harker occupied his usual room outside of the house.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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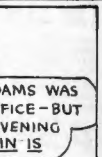

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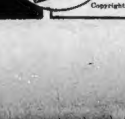

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Give the Bedroom a New Deal for Summer

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

If there is one room in a house with the best right to a thorough Spring cleaning and deserving of an entire change of outfit, it is the bedroom. For during the past eight months of colder weather—months when jolly germs disported everywhere—it has been occupied some eight hours a day as a sleeping chamber. Now that sun and fresh vitalizing and disinfecting air are plentiful, an aggressive sanitary attack should be made on all its furnishings.

Taken together the three units of the frame, the spring, and the mattress, make up a complete sleeping equipment. Each one of these units needs careful inspection and possible renovation. Whether of wood or of metal, the bed frame needs meticulous cleaning after the spring and the mattress have been completely removed. If metal, the frame may be treated to a wash with a weak carbolic solution painted on with a small brush—a treatment also suitable for the springs if they are of the exposed metal type.

Springs may be link springs, coil springs, or box springs—the latter of course the most dust-proof and preferable. If any type of spring seems to sag, it may take a trip to the upholsterers and be tightened up or reinforced. A broken coil may work through the mattress and badly tear sheet corners.

The mattress too needs some kind of rejuvenating treatment. It may be gone over thoroughly on both sides with a powerful hand vacuum, which lifts the outer ticking and the topmost layers of filling as it creates the suction. If very compressed, and if the quality is good, it will pay to send the mattress to a firm specializing in repicking the filling. Or with prices so low, a new mattress may be bought.

It is well to recall in purchasing any new mattress that the test of a good article is not only in its filling, but in the quality of workmanship with which the filling is evenly distributed and sewed to the protecting outer cover or tick. Every four inches there should be a sewing with a stout thread which passes through from top to bottom. These tufts should be well indented and directly opposite each other from top to bottom. The ticking should be standard 8-ounce weight, but is much more attractive in color than in the old-fashioned prison stripes. The edges should be tailored with a narrow neat edge which will help the mattress hold its shape.

Pillows also need a housekeeping facial to keep them young! They may be sent to the same type of firm which will repick the feathers, or recover them with a new tick. They can be given either a water or a naphtha cleaning treatment by the cleaners or in the home.

The power washing machine is just the thing for giving pillows a home tubbing: use a tepid water, white soap with a tinge of ammonia and do the work slowly. Use the wringer adjusted very loosely for removing the excess water. Then place a window screen horizontally over two chair seats outdoors, lay the cleansed pillow on it, and turn frequently to distribute the feathers evenly while drying. Do not hang up the pillow by one corner as this makes it dry askew and causes the feathers to become matted.

While the same sheets and cases are retained in Summer as were used in Winter, the homemaker should decide definitely to put her beds into Summer dress by using lightweight blankets and comfortables. Perhaps in no other field of home manufacture do we find such a stepping-up and improvement as in the production of blankets and spreads.

Keep the utility blanket where it belongs—on the bed in Winter and in the cedar chest in Summer; but invest in inexpensive and colorful type coverings which will not only produce more restful sleep but give the bed a decorative gay character in tune with the Summer season.

The true all-wool blanket may be either heavy or light weight, depending on the character of the wool and its weave. Now the housewife is protected because better manufacturers are placing a distinctive label on their products. For Summer use, either the all-wool in a light weight, or a warrapaun blanket of cotton and wool is suitable. There are most beautiful two-tone blankets—each side in a different shade, as peach-with-blue, or green-with-rose, which are especially charming both on the bed and used as a separate throw on the foot or on a chaise longue or Summer divan.

The Summer spread is blossoming as gorgeously as an old-fashioned garden and so many new types of weave and pattern are displayed that choice is really difficult. Of course spreads or any bedcovers should be selected first on a basis of the period or type of the room's furniture and furnishings. Since this is frequently Colonial or peasant in character, it is not surprising to find an overwhelming selection of spreads copied from old models. Cotton seems the first choice in all such spreads because it stands up under hard wear, washes well, and fades less under strong sunlight.

There is the woven cotton bedspread which so often follows the patch-work of great-grandmother's time: the trend here is for clear-cut patterns which look almost like block prints, the design being dark and clear on a lighter ground. These woven cotton spreads are real achievements in beauty and reproduction of old favorite motifs such as The Double Wedding Ring. The Chinese Plate, The Rocky Mountain Coverlet, etc.

The patterns are in large calico designs on a ground work simulating fine old stitching or quilting. They are suitable for an informal bedroom, and at once create an air of cheer, bringing the garden indoors. Such woven spreads do not have any tailored edge to fit the bed size, but lie smoothly across the entire bed, being folded under the pillows which lie flat and low across the bedhead.

Another type of woven cotton spread which many homemakers admire is the candlewick spread. Here the woven cotton spread is of a single color and the design is raised on it by having a wick or narrow cotton rope stitched on it in a relief pattern. This is attractive, but unless the work is excellent, the wick tends to pull away or to mat under washing and ironing. The newer candlewicks are carried out in plaids or diagonals in several colors. Always inspect the fringe or knots on this type of spread as quality is indicated by the finish of these fringes. Most woven spreads are reversible—another economy advantage.

A material which makes a very sturdy spread of a more formal appearance is rep, which looks like silk but which has a cotton body to give it strength and wearing qualities. This spread is made in the tailored fashion with narrow seams which allow each spread exactly to fit the bed shape. In other words, one cannot be careless about adjusting a tailored spread—it must fit!

Genuine silk or taffeta, always charming and aristocratic, seems less suitable in the bedroom of the informal type house. It is ideal and necessary, however, for any room in the elegant French or Directoire furnishings. Organdie is another typical Summer material in bed coverings as well as window drapes. Delicate and fresh, it is especially suited to the young girl's bedroom—but organdie crushes, and hence requires most careful handling—or very frequent pressings!

Cretonne, too, is another favorite choice; but while the cretonne spread stands up fairly well in daily wear, it also needs to be lightly folded so that it will not crease. Its glorious colorings, however, make it very charming for the Summer bedroom, especially if the window drapes are of matching or harmonizing material.

Remember that in all selections, the textiles with small scale patterns are most suitable for the small bedroom; that clear-cut block patterns are more fashionable and in better taste than elaborate flowery designs; that the spread and the foot blanket used should contrast in tones. Also that men like plain solid beds with covers on which they can lie, with their boots on if need be! Give husband and son the practical plaids or the sturdy simple mountain weaves, and keep the delicate pastels for feminine frills.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*
Fruit,	Fruit,	Fruit,	Sliced	Baked Prunes	Apple Sauce,	Fruit,
Corn Omelet,	Broiled Salt	Oatmeal,	Bananas,	or Chilled	Corn Omelet,	Cereal,
Graham Gems,	Mackerel,	Frizzled	Cereal,	Grapes,	Graham	Toast,
Coffee.	Creamed	Beef	Poached	Flaked	Muffins,	Coffee.
Luncheon	Potatoes,	with Eggs,	Eggs on	Fish Cakes,	Coffee.	*Dinner*
Spaghetti a la	Emergency	Popovers,	Toast,	Muffins,	*Luncheon*	Tomato
Italienne,	Biscuits,	Coffee.	Coffee.	Coffee.	Spinach	Cocktail,
Lettuce	Coffee.	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	Soup,	Roast Chicken,
Salad,	*Luncheon*	Emergency	Asparagus	Savory	Crackers,	Giblet Gravy,
Savory	Emergency	Sandwiches,	Loaf with	Lima Beans,	Egg and	Steamed
Dressing,	Vegetables in	Hot or Cold	Creamed	Cottage	Lettuce	Brown Rice,
Pineapple	Casserole,	Punch.	Asparagus	Cheese and	Sandwiches,	Mixed Carrots,
Trifle,	Golden	*Dinner*	Tips,	Olive Salad,	Cup Cake	Sweet Pickles,
Tea.	Corn	Cold Lamb	Pineapple	Ice Box Rolls	with	Apple Pie
Dinner	Bread,	(Thinly Sliced),	Salad,	(Graham),	Fruit Sauce.	with Cheese.
Fruit Cup,	Iced Tea.	Potatoes	Wafers,	Hot or	*Dinner*	*Supper*
Pot Roast	*Dinner*	O'Brien,	Hot or	Iced Tea.	Croquettes	*(company)*
of Lamb,	Clam	Buttered	Iced Tea.	*Dinner*	(Emergency),	Deviled
Mashed	Bouillon,	Carrots	*Dinner*	Fruit Cup,	Creamed	Shrimps,
Potatoes,	Veal Loaf	and	Fruit Cup,	Sliced	Potatoes,	Lettuce
Asparagus	with	Peas,	Sliced	Roast Beef,	Spiced Beets,	Sandwiches,
Salad with	Macaroni	Cress	Roast Beef,	Hot French	Green	Pickles,
Chopped	Ragout,	Salad,	Hot French	Potato Salad,	Vegetable,	Coffee or
Green Peppers,	Buttered	French	Potato Salad,	Carrot	Favorite	Chocolate
French Dressing,	Beets,	Dressing,	Carrot	Timbales,	Caramel	Cream Cakes,
Upside Down	Cucumber	Chocolate	Timbales,	Apple	Bread	Iced
Gingerbread,	Salad,	Roll,	Apple	Meringue Pie.	Pudding,	Lemonade or
Whipped Cream.	Orange	Foamy Sauce.	Meringue Pie.		Cream.	Hot Coffee.
	Custard Tart.					

American Weekly Patterns

AN ATTRACTIVE FROCK EASY TO MAKE (7852). Designed in 5 sizes: 24, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 38 will require 3⅞ yards of 35-inch material.

A STYLISH DRESS (7859). Designed in 6 sizes: 14, 16, 18 and 20, with corresponding bust, 33½, 35, 36½ and 38, also 40 and 42. Size 18 will require 4 yards of 39-inch material.

A PRETTY MORNING FROCK (7819). Designed in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches. Size 38 will require 3 2-3 yards of 39-inch material with ¼ yard of contrasting material 35 inches wide.

A PRACTICAL APRON FOR THE LITTLE HELPER (7871). Designed in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10. Size 8 will require 1½ yards of 32-inch material. To finish with binding will require 6¾ yards 1½-inch wide.

A SIMPLE BUT PRETTY DRESS FOR THE YOUNG MISS (7864). Designed in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 10 will require 3⅛ yards of 39-inch material. Without the cape collar it will require 2¼ yards.

GIRLS' DRESS (7552). Designed in sizes: 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 12 requires 2¼ yards of 35-inch material. The tie belt of ribbon requires 2½ yards.

GIRLS' DRESS AND ROMPERS (7450). Designed by Bureau of Home Economics. Designed in sizes: 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 years. Size 4 requires 2⅞ yards of 27-inch material if dress is made with short sleeves. With long sleeves 3 yards.

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7552 .....Years | 7450 .....Years
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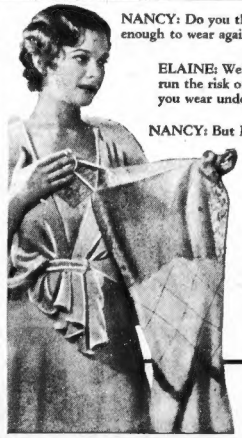

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New England Tire & Supply Co.—
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Packard Motor Car Co.—
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Dedham—Dedham Square Garage—
851 Washington St.
Fall River—Spencer & Brightman—
578 Pleasant St.
Fitchburg—Motor Tire Service—
42 Day St.
Fitchburg—Wilson Tire & Battery Service—Cor. Summer & Beacon Sts.
Gardner—Favreau's Service Station—
State Road
Greenfield—Tire Service Co.—
10 Ames St.
Holyoke—Yoerg's Garage—
138 Chestnut St.
Lawrence—Star Elec. Ser. & Tire Co.—
91 Jackson St.
Leominster—Murphy's Garage—
11 Central Street
Lexington—Colonial Garage—
1466 Massachusetts Ave.
Lowell—Bakewell's Tire Shop—
66 John St.
Lynn—T. H. Bradley Co.—
429 Broad St.
Malden—Elco Service Station—
55 Easton Ave.
Milford—East End Garage—
48 Medway St.
New Bedford—Aldrec Motor Accessories
—104 Middle St.
North Adams—Brewer Bros.—
227 Ashland St.
Northampton—Bernier Battery & Filling Station—143 King St.
Pittsfield—Berkshire Auto Co.—
109 South St.
Quincy—South Shore Automotive Service—470 Adams St.
Salem—Goodell's Garage, Inc.—
40 Lafayette St.
Somerville—Somerville Tire & Battery Service—224 Somerville Ave.
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46 Central St.
Springfield—City Tire Co.—
823 Dwight St.
Taunton—Robertson Motor Car Co.—
School St.
Watertown—E. C. Quirk & Co.—
248 N. Beacon St.
Winchester—Oscar Heitler—
Church St.
Worcester—City Auto Parts, Inc.—
11-15 Church St.
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145 Turner St.
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Bangor—Maine Tire Co.—
22 Oak St.
Biddeford—Biddeford Motor Mart—
Elm St.
Lewiston—Wade & Dunton Motor Co.—
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Portland—Graffam's Omar E. York
Serv. Station—765 Forest Ave.
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Pawtucket—Costa Bros.—
Railroad St. (Central Falls)
Pawtucket—Frank Crook—
108 Exchange St.
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123 Winchendon St.
Providence—Eddy Cycle Co.—
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776 Broad St.
Providence—R. I. Cycle Co.—
154 Fountain St.
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Willimantic—Windham Super Service Station—595 Main St.
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Barre—North End Filling Station—
439-441 No. Main St.
Burlington—Tire Service, Inc.—
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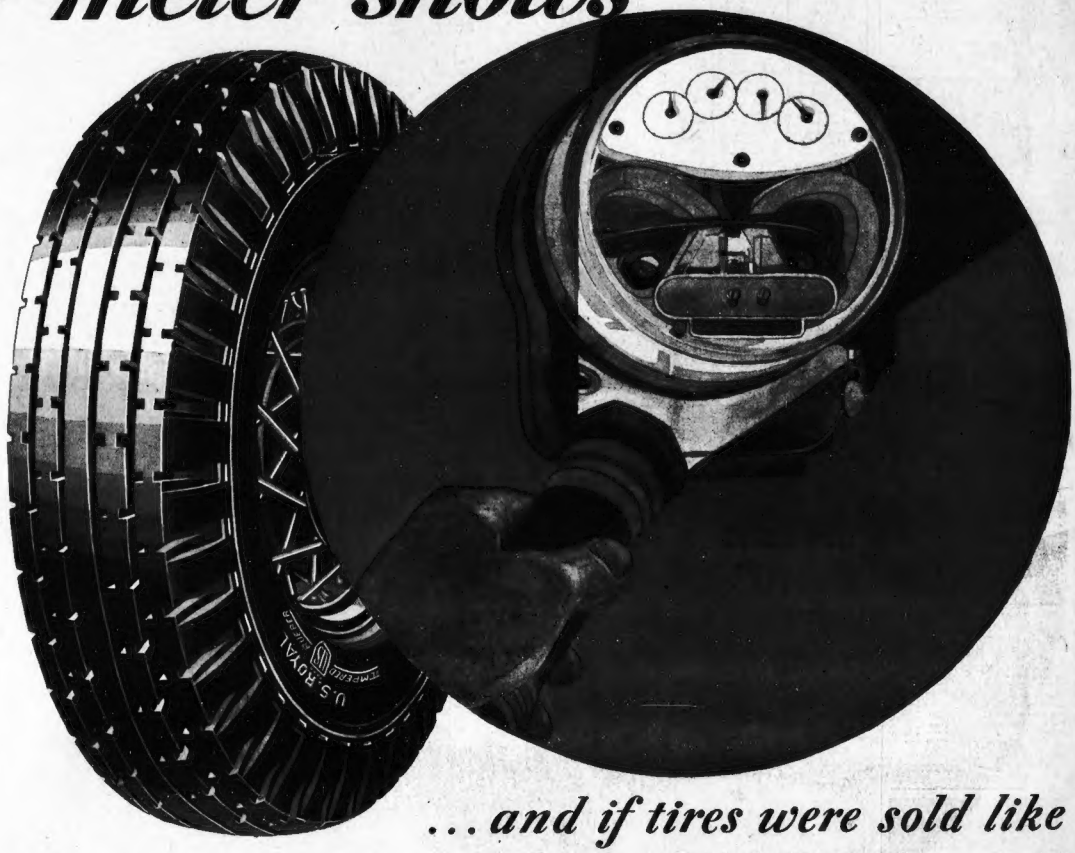
Rutland—Colburn & Hayward, Inc.—
31 Willow St.



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